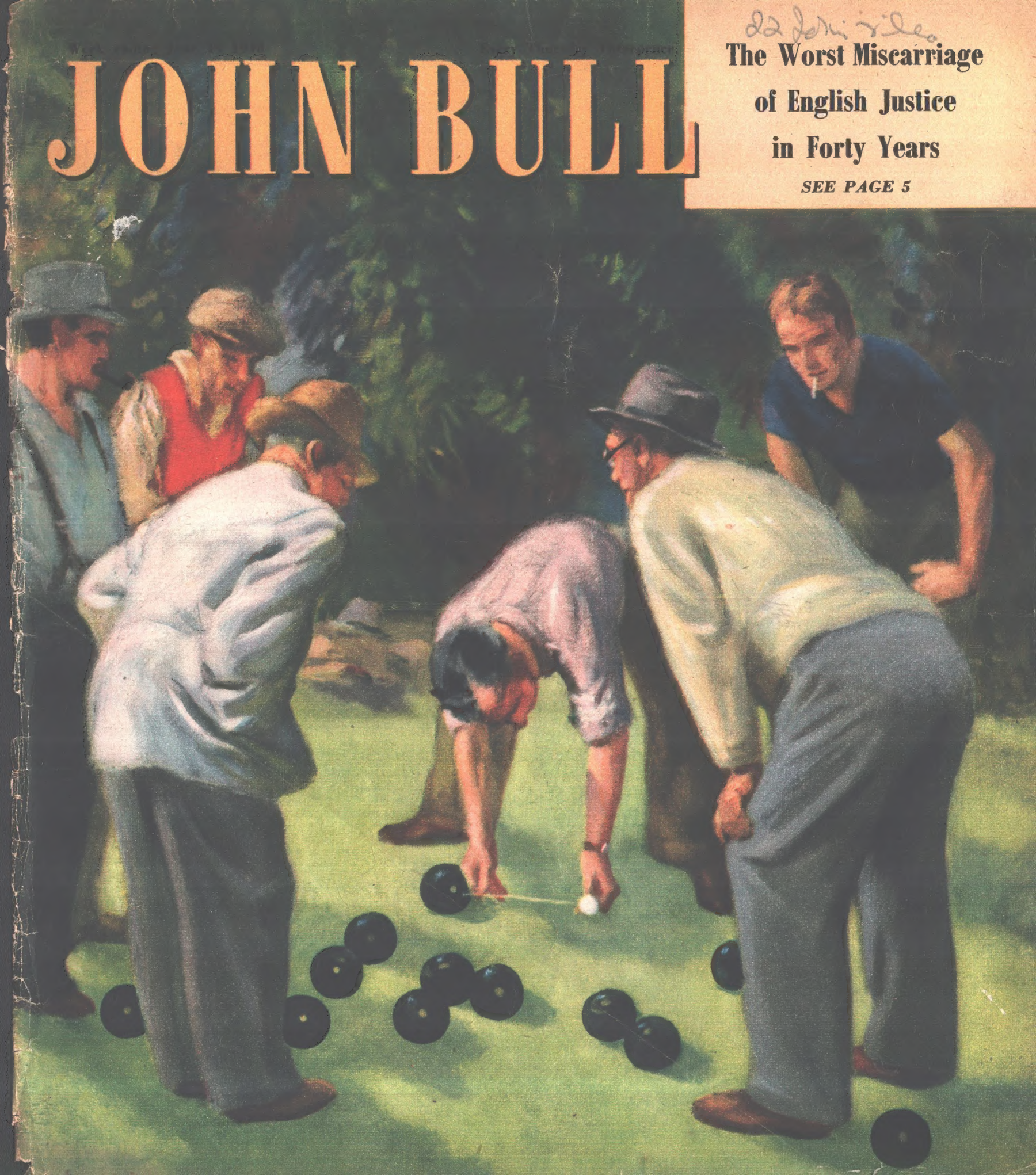
JOHN BULL

The Worst Miscarriage of English Justice in Forty Years

SEE PAGE 5



"Come on, slowcoach," says the Traffic Jimp. "You'll *never* get past if you don't pull out and have a try!"

When you're fed up with following a lorry, the Traffic Jimp keeps egging you on. Bad, dangerous advice. Remember the Highway Code, and overtake only when you are *sure* that you can do so safely.

Nearly 5,000 road-users are killed each year, and 160,000 injured. The Traffic Jimp tempts, distracts. When he whispers to *you*, treat him with the contempt he deserves, and mind how you go.

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Specially drawn for The Brewers' Society by Henry Rushbury R.A.

A PLEDGE TO HOUSEWIVES

The Private Enterprise Grocers and Provision Dealers hereby promise that in spite of post-war limitations and restrictions they will continue to give that personal service and maintain the "fair shares" policy which has for so many years distinguished them.

In return, we Private Enterprise Retailers ask the support of all sections of the public which believe that the personal touch between customer and grocer is a valuable contribution to a contented community.

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THE NATIONAL FEDERATION OF GROCERS' & PROVISION DEALERS' ASSOCIATIONS

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MASTER MIX

BRITAIN'S LEADING CAKE MIXTURE

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See what I've got!

Bless the boy—he's actually found a rare and precious tin of Nescafé for elevenses! Made in an instant, right in the cup; no grounds, no bother; good to the last spoonful.

Nescafé is a soluble coffee product composed of coffee solids, with dextrins, maltose and dextrose, added to retain the aroma.

37

NESCAFÉ

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

Beware of NERVOUS INDIGESTION

Indigestion often comes from a nervous system starved of Vitamin B. There is only one way to remedy it. Increase the Vitamin B content of your food.

The simplest way is to take two tablets of Phillips Tonic Yeast with your meals. It is simply *pure "LIVE" Yeast* in palatable form. And "live" Yeast is the **richest natural source of all the B vitamins.** You will be amazed at the result. You will sleep better, digest your food better, tire less quickly, feel better in every way.

But be sure you ask for Phillips Tonic Yeast—the *real "live"* Vitamin Yeast.

At all chemists.

Phillips TONIC YEAST

50 Tablets 1/3, 150 for 3/-, 300 for 5/-.

SHOOT *the enemy down with*

The 'SPITFIRE' OF Insecticides **SECTO** D.D.T.

Annihilates Flies, Moths, Beetles, Fleas, Lice to the last insect

POWDER—all purpose 1/3, 2/3, etc.

LIQUID 2/-, 3/-, 6/-, etc.

From your chemist including Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, etc.

1848

A CENTURY OF BOOKSTALL SERVICE

1948

Huck takes a Hint

HUCK: I ain't much gone on shops y'know, Tom; likely they sell dry ol' stuff on'y grown-ups'd want.

TOM: But Smith's is a bully shop, Huck. They got knives an' purses, pens an' diaries an' writin' paper, stamps an' albums an' maps, 'tec' stories an' books on planes an' radio. Trouble is, I can't get my Aunt Polly out o' that dern'd libr'y!

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JUNE 19, 1948 VOLUME 83 NUMBER 2190

Crime and Procrastination

THE CRIME WAVE is getting bigger and more brutal, instead of diminishing.

This is not just because there are now more criminals of a more depraved type. The chief reason—and no less an authority than the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police says so—is that there are too few police. So the easy hopes of a return to normal after the inevitable postwar rise in crime have been disappointed.

Why are there too few police?

Partly because pay and prospects are not good enough, partly because of the housing shortage. The latter especially hampers county police forces which could get fresh recruits if they could offer new homes. It seems that some sort of housing priority must be given to the police.

We cannot afford to let the present situation go on and get worse. Murder, criminal assault and robbery with violence are getting so common that mere burglary is hardly any longer newsworthy.

We used to laugh grimly at the spectacular crime of New York and Chicago. Can we honestly do so today?

True, the elaborately organized gangs of America are rare here. But the total of individual crimes is now comparable with American figures.

The thugs must be stamped out. We call upon the Government to put the whole power of the State behind the police in the campaign to re-establish law and order. And it should not be forgotten that, having caught our criminals, we must have somewhere to put them. Our prisons are over full and out of date.

In fact, our whole system of fighting crime needs to be strengthened and modernized. It is no use waiting for the report of the Commission which is even now examining the pay and conditions of service of the police force; or for the passage through Parliament and enforcement of the Criminal Justice Bill. Some of the more obvious reforms can be put in hand at once.

Outside the economic crisis, there is no more urgent task confronting the Government today. Public opinion will support swift and resolute action.

Death in the Mountains

EVERY HOLIDAY SEASON brings more accidents to climbers in Wales, the Lake District and the Highlands of Scotland. This one has started with several fatalities in Snowdonia and elsewhere.

The sport of mountaineering is spreading, because it is the healthiest, most exciting and cheapest way of spending a strenuous holiday available to dollar-starved Britons.

But it can be a very dangerous sport. An innocent-looking British hill, seeming so smooth and green when inspected from the valley, turns out, two or three thousand feet up, to be a rugged mass of crags, gullies and other traps for the inexperienced.

Western mountain weather is less reliable than that of the eastern lowlands. And climbing novices are apt to overtax their strength as well as their skill.

Inexperienced climbers who tackle peaks too hard for them in uncertain weather ought to remember the strain they will place, in case of accident, on the search parties and rescuers who must scour the hills for them.

We are glad that the various mountaineering clubs are combining to train new enthusiasts. We hope that newcomers to the climbing game will take full advantage of the skilled instruction now being made available to them.

Pay-day Problem

WOULD YOU RATHER BE PAID on Thursday or on Friday?

In the trade union world they are discussing a move to get the national pay-day advanced to Thursday throughout industry.

The initiative has come from the Shop, Distributive and Allied Workers Union. The T.U.C. is being urged to back the change.

It is a good enough idea, but it is being advocated for the wrong reason.

A Thursday pay-day would enable millions to do their main weekly shopping on Friday instead of Saturday, and so "stagger" the weekend shopping rush which results in a misery of queueing and crowds.

But the shopworkers' union is trying to move up pay-day with the idea of shutting the shops on Saturday afternoons. If that were done, the wage-earning public would be little better off than now. The only difference would be to turn the Saturday rush into a Friday rush.

It may be hard lines for shop people to have to work on Saturday afternoons. But those who do, usually get a free afternoon earlier in the week. And quite a lot of other workers have to toil at uncongenial times. What about railwaymen, busmen, bakers and journalists, for instance? The list could be endless.

We are against making life still more awkward and harassing for the great majority, and that is what would happen if shops everywhere were closed on Saturday afternoons.

Therefore, we say, by all means move pay-day from Friday to Thursday, but let us remain free to shop on Saturday in all those places where it is not already early-closing day.

Irish Get-together

THIS WEEK'S ANGLO-IRISH trade talks in London are warmly to be welcomed.

Mr. Costello, the Irish Premier, who replaced Mr. de Valera after February's elections, is bringing some of his Cabinet colleagues, concerned with foreign relations, commerce, finance and agriculture.

It is clear that he means business, and equally clear that a similar spirit shown by Mr. Attlee and other British Ministers will get results.

The Irish especially want to secure an assured long-term market for their cattle, so that their farmers can plan bigger production for the years ahead.

Well, there are few things we British need more than beef. And we would rather eat the excellent fresh beef of Old Ireland than the poor stuff that Dictator Peron and his cattle barons have been sending us from the Argentine.

We need the food Eire can produce just as much as she needs our coal and manufactures.

Political difficulties and rankling memories of past conflict must not be allowed to stand in the way of profitable and permanent trade agreement.

Ireland could—and should—be developed into one of the world's leading centres of food production. Mr. Costello and Mr. Attlee should not let this opportunity pass.

THANKS TO GOOD BRITISH FARMING

IN THE WHITBREAD Hop Gardens at Paddock Wood in Kent deft hands train the hop bines so that from the warmth and moisture of good weather both growth and quality are gained. With good hops and good malt there goes into every Whitbread brew something of a prized tradition—which is so surely reflected in the taste.

Beers brewed by WHITBREAD Naturally

Plant for Plenty—

From now on sow Lettuces where they are to mature—seedlings transplanted in summer are liable to bolt to seed without making a heart. Webb's Wonderful and Feltham King are good varieties for summer sowing. Try sowing a row of Endive—between the Celery rows is a good place. Sow more White Lisbon Onions and choose a shady place to sow Radishes

and enjoy with Heinz Salad Cream 57

The delicious flavour and nourishing goodness of Heinz Salad Cream turn a salad into a main meal.

Mayfair TOFFEES & CHOCOLATES

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Ask for MAYFAIR & VANITY FAIR Assortments

GIBBS HAPPY FAMILIES Pretty good brushwork!

1 MR. SMUDGE the Sweep is so black that his children hardly know him. He doesn't even smile because his teeth are dingy, too.

2 "WE NEED brightening up," says Mrs. Smudge the Sweep's wife, "Gibbs solid dentifrice should help — it lasts long and makes teeth sparkle!"

3 "JOLLY GOOD TASTE," says Master Smudge the Sweep's son, "and isn't it fun each having his own red, green or blue Gibbs case!"

4 "HERE'S DADDY," calls Miss Smudge. "See his great big smile! And Mum says we can always use Gibbs because it costs so little!" 9d. each.

GD281-621

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Bulmer's Cider

2½ lbs. of apples to every 5 glass flagon

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD.
HEREFORD

For Morning Freshness

Euthymol
TOOTHPASTE

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SAYS MRS. LLEWELLYN OF NEW CROSS, LONDON.

"If a Hoover Cleaner is good enough for 'Grosvenor House' it's good enough for my little home," said Mrs. Llewellyn of New Cross, London, in a recent interview, "especially since you can get a Hoover Cleaner for much the same price as ordinary makes."

HOWEVER small your house or flat, you need a Hoover Cleaner. It will save you hours of back-aching work each week and keep your home cleaner than you've ever known it. Remember, too, *Hoover prices are still very reasonable.* But be sure you get a Hoover — the make used wherever quality is the first consideration — as at Grosvenor House and other leading West End hotels. The Hoover "beats . . . as it sweeps . . . as it cleans" and you fit cleaning tools — for upholstery etc. — *in a second!* There is a Hoover Cleaner suitable for every size and type of home. Prices from £10.10 to £21 (plus purchase tax). There may be a little delay in delivering some models, so see your Authorised Hoover Dealer *now.*

BY APPOINTMENT MANUFACTURERS OF ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANERS

HOOVER LIMITED

A NEW RED WHITE & BLUE COFFEE

pure coffee in 10 secs. less than 1d. a cup

Cupkaff

Forty large cups of perfect coffee for 3/-. Made with boiling water, adding milk and sugar to taste. Your grocer will do his best to provide Cupkaff, but supplies are short at present.

HIDDEN DANGER OF INFECTED FEEDING BOTTLES

Doctors urge mothers to protect their babies from the danger of gastric infection (sickness and diarrhoea). Incompletely sterilized feeding bottles (*and teats*) are the hidden danger. They may *look* clean and yet be dangerously contaminated. Remove this risk to your baby's health by sterilizing bottle and teats the Milton way — safe, simple, economical and complete. *No boiling*, no cracking. Ask Chemist for full instructions leaflet.

STERILIZE THEM WITH MILTON

THE SWITCH FAMILY ROBINSON

Plugwell irons out a problem

NO, PHIL, I DID NOT IRON YOUR CRICKET SHIRT THIS MORNING — YOU SEEM TO THINK WE CAN USE ALL THE ELECTRICITY WE WANT. (THOUGH WHO GETS ALL THE ELECTRICITY I DON'T KNOW)
WE GET IT IN THE FACTORIES — AND A GOOD JOB FOR YOU! BECAUSE UNLESS EXPORT PRODUCTION GETS POWER PRIORITY, THERE'LL SOON BE NO SHIRTS IN THIS COUNTRY OR IRONS TO IRON THEM!
BRITISH EXPORTS MEAN EVERYTHING TODAY AND BRITISH ELECTRICITY KNOWS IT AND IS DOING SOMETHING ABOUT IT!
O.K. PLUG-YOU WIN! I CAN SCORE A CENTURY IN A CREASED SHIRT ANYWAY

ELECTRICITY FACT

In 1947, Britain used more than *four times as much* electricity as in 1930 — domestic consumers used nearly *six times as much!* And the demand is increasing. British Electricity is striving (*and going*) to meet it — and so supply *everybody* with electricity as cheaply as possible.

(*British Electricity.*)

SAXA
A 'fine'
SALT

The family favourites

YES, MADAM, the whole family go for Newforge Soup in a big way. It's great food made from tender straight - out - of - the - garden vegetables that mingle their flavour and goodness in good rich stock. Wonderful soup — wonderfully convenient. Newforge Soups are **7½d.** and **10d.** a can. And don't forget — always ask your grocer what other Newforge Fine Foods he has available.

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double the life of your shoes!

"I wish I could give my feet in charge!"

Then why not put your feet in charge of Scholl experts? Our branches everywhere have qualified staffs who make a personal study of your foot troubles. If a corn, callous or bunion is paining you, it can be swiftly eased. For weak, aching feet, we have light flexible arch supports which make walking and standing comfortable. Our methods have proved effective even in the most obstinate cases. Scholl Foot Aids are sold at all chemists, shoe-dealers, stores and all Scholl Depots.

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BEHIND THE SCENES OF FAMOUS TRIALS

The case of David Weitzman, M.P.

Worst miscarriage of English justice in more than forty years; a case which showed up grave defects in our legal system . . .

An honoured Member of Parliament had to endure the ignominy of a long trial and a severe sentence before having his name cleared by the Appeal Court. While waiting for his appeal to be heard, he spent six dark weeks in Wormwood Scrubs—sewing buttons on trousers.

An innocent man suffered.

by C. E. Beckhofer Roberts

"Nobody was more surprised by the charge against him than his professional and political friends. . . . He is almost tiresomely conscientious and honest"

IT IS A MOST UNUSUAL THING for a British Member of Parliament to be brought before the courts on a criminal charge. The ordinary citizen in this country may half jokingly denounce the shortcomings of politicians in general (and especially those of whose party programme he happens to disapprove), but it comes as a stunning shock when one of them is accused of a serious crime.

There was, therefore, a wave of amazement when it became known in the early days of January, 1947, that David Weitzman, the Labour M.P. for the North London constituency of Stoke Newington, had been summoned to appear at Bow Street with five other defendants (three of them his younger brothers) on a charge of fraudulent conspiracy.

The first hearing at Bow Street lasted several hours, during which the prosecution outlined its case against the defendants.

It turned on the way in which a manufacturer during the war could obtain permission from the Board of Trade to manufacture cosmetics. The authorities used to demand returns showing what amount of such goods he had produced during certain "standard periods" just before and after the outbreak of war, and they would then permit him to manufacture a certain percentage of this amount—and no more.

False Claim Alleged

Clearly, if a company made a false return, claiming to have manufactured vastly more cosmetics in the standard periods than was the truth, it would receive a higher quota for future production than that to which it was entitled.

And this was precisely what David Weitzman and his fellow defendants were charged with having done.

Nobody suggested that he was a cosmetic manufacturer in the ordinary sense; it was well known that he was a barrister with a large practice. But what the prosecution alleged was that, whereas the other defendants were actively and openly concerned in a cosmetic business, he was the financial power behind the scenes.

First, said counsel, he had invested thousands of pounds in the company and, in October, 1940, had put in a receiver. Then, at a time when the manufacture of a quota based on allegedly inflated returns was in full swing, he had visited the company's premises and "appeared to be very much concerned with the management of the business," and "he was in a position to know what was going on if he chose to find out."

Helped His Brothers

He had told Board of Trade and police officials in 1946 that his only interest in the business was to assist two of his younger brothers, one of whom was a cripple through infantile paralysis and the other almost stone deaf, and that in all his financial transactions with the company he had been guided entirely by the advice and requests of his bank manager, having himself neither time nor inclination to take any active part in the conduct of its affairs.

On this the prosecution commented: "It may be said that this was a matter of brotherly love, but there is no doubt, looking at it dispassionately, that one may well think that even brotherly love might be tempered by a little common sense."

In short, the allegation against David Weitzman was that he had sunk a great deal of money in the company and must have known that it was deceiving the authorities.

Nobody can have been more surprised by this charge against him than were his professional and political friends and acquaintances.

It may sum up my view of his character if I say that he is the sort of man who, if he woke up at three in the morning and found that he had taken home one of your books in mistake for his own, would instantly ring you up and tell you about it. He is, indeed, almost tiresomely conscientious and honest.

It seemed incredible that he should be accused of an offence of gross and deliberate dishonesty.

The preliminary proceedings dragged on and on before the magistrate. David Weitzman very properly refused to practise his profession in the courts or to sit in the House of Commons, though of course he had to continue to attend to his constituents' demands for his assistance; his financial loss was enormous, and all the time the shadow of a shameful accusation hung over him.

Magistrate Rejected Plea

When at last the prosecution asked the magistrate to commit him and the others to the Old Bailey for trial, his counsel, Mr. Gilbert Paull, K.C. (who, with Mr. C. G. L. DuCann, appeared for him, without any sort of fee, throughout the whole fifteen months that the proceedings eventually lasted), submitted that there was no case for David Weitzman to meet. His client, he said, knew nothing about the company's returns to the Board of Trade or about its quota transactions. The prosecution witnesses, Mr. Paull insisted, had borne this out.

But the magistrate rejected this submission, and this was the first of a whole series of misfortunes.

The trial of the six men began at the Old Bailey on September 22, 1947, when a jury of Londoners, mostly businessmen, learned to their dismay that they were to be kept from their personal affairs, unrewarded except by a sense of duty, for at least a month; in fact, the trial lasted for more than five weeks.

Every now and then the judge was able to release them for a few hours while he heard legal arguments in their absence, but this was the only respite they had.

Once again—and I am, of course, dealing only with David Weitzman's part—it was stated emphatically by material witnesses for the prosecution that he knew nothing of the alleged irregularities and took no part in the running of the company.

Once again at the close of the prosecution case Mr. Paull made submissions to the judge.

First, on behalf of all the defendants, he argued that the indictment was bad, because it charged them with conspiring to contravene certain regulations at a time when the regulations had not yet been made. The judge rejected this submission.

Secondly—and this is what concerns

Adrian Weitzman (left) and Ellis Philip White, two of the brothers in the case. As the eldest, David Weitzman helped them quite legitimately

us more here—Mr. Paull claimed that there was no evidence to justify the trial going on against David Weitzman.

Mr. Hawke, replying, admitted candidly that, so far as the latter was concerned, "the evidence of the witnesses has been, under cross examination, very much reduced in its sting."

When he sat down, few people in court can have imagined that the judge would not now, at long last, stop the case against David Weitzman. To the general surprise, however, the judge next morning said briefly that he would not withdraw it from the jury.

Then, for the first and only time throughout his long ordeal, David Weitzman faltered; he collapsed in the dock.

Looked After the Family

So the trial went on. He himself gave evidence on October 23, and the following facts emerged, none of which was challenged by the prosecution.

He had joined the Army in the first World War when he was only seventeen and, after demobilization, studied law and was called to the Bar. His father died in 1924, when David was twenty-four, and left him to look after his mother, two elder sisters and four younger brothers, two of whom had severe physical handicaps; none of them was in good financial circumstances and he had assisted them all to the best of his ability ever since his father's death.

He told the court that he never sought or expected to reap any benefit from his loans to his brothers' company; they did not even carry interest.

Moreover, they had been arranged through the bank and at the bank manager's request; he himself knew nothing more about them than that they were to help his brothers at a time of stress. He had never seen a balance sheet of the company, let alone the documents which the prosecution alleged to be false; and his only visits to the offices were when he happened to be engaged in one of the courts near by.

His denials were not shaken in cross examination: at times, under Mr. Hawke's questioning, he grew excited and indignant, but never was any discrepancy to be found in his replies or any sort of admission of any offence.

Prominent members of the Bar and of all parties in the House of Commons had volunteered to testify to his high personal reputation, but, since this was conceded by the prosecution, they were not called to give evidence.

This may have been a pity, because at a critical stage of the proceedings, immediately before the weary jury was asked to return its verdict, two unfortunate matters filled the newspapers.

One was a shocking outrage by Palestinian Jews against defenceless British soldiers; the other was the expulsion of Garry Allighan, the Socialist M.P., from the House of Commons.

Neither of these events had anything at all to do with David Weitzman, but they were not calculated to influence the jury to regard a Jewish Socialist M.P. in a kindly light.

Nor did it help him with the jury that a gossip writer in one of the popular newspapers hinted that the defendants' counsel were unperturbed by the length of the trial, because they received "refresher" fees every day: this was untrue of all of them and particularly unfair to David Weitzman's unpaid counsel—but the jury did not know.

The judge's summing up, too, did not assist him, and in the late afternoon of October 29 the jury returned a verdict of guilty against him and four others of the defendants, including his three brothers. The judge sentenced him to twelve months' imprisonment and a fine of £500.

David Weitzman was taken off to Wormwood Scrubs Prison, where, such is the grotesque system in force, he was put to the somewhat unsuitable work of sewing buttons on trousers. His counsel instantly entered a notice of appeal and asked for bail.

Now, it was certain that the technical preparation of the appeal must take several months—the transcription of the official shorthand note of the trial was one reason — and, meanwhile, David Weitzman's professional clients and his constituents could scarcely consult him in jail, which was bad luck for them. Moreover, if the Court of Criminal Appeal were to allow his appeal, he would have served at least half his sentence before the appeal was heard.

But it is the practice of the Court of Criminal Appeal to refuse bail to appellants who have been convicted by a jury, and the judge to whom Mr. Paull applied—he was not the trial judge, but another—followed the usual rule. Fortunately, Lord Goddard, the Lord Chief Justice (whom nobody can accuse of lightly approving bail in all cases), overruled the decision. After David and the others had spent six weeks in prison they were released pending the appeal.

It was heard at last in March, 1948, in the Lord Chief Justice's court, largest of all in that ill-planned building in the Strand which official optimism calls "the Royal Courts of *Justice*" but which is sometimes more accurately described by its popular name of "the *Law* Courts." (In this case, fortunately, it turned out to be both.)

Counsel argued there for several days, both as to the validity of the indictment as a whole and as to the individual guilt of the appellants. The court consisted of the Lord Chief Justice himself: with, on his right, the senior judge of the High Court, Mr. Justice Humphreys, the most experienced criminal lawyer of this century, and on his left the next senior judge, Mr. Justice Singleton.

In drab contrast to their scarlet robes, five men in lounge suits, the appellants, faced them at one end of the first bench in the body of the court, in front of the packed rows of lawyers, reporters and public.

Lord Goddard's Statement

In the early afternoon of March 16 counsel had said their last words. At once, "Let Mr. David Weitzman stand up," said the Lord Chief Justice.

One of the five rose, a short, bespectacled, dark-haired man in the late forties. Lord Goddard beckoned to him to separate himself from his companions, and he stepped directly before the Lord Chief Justice. Then the latter spoke.

The court, he announced, would deliver its judgment in a few days' time on the appeals of the four other men because one of the main points at issue was the purely legal one of the validity of the indictment. (In fact, their appeals were subsequently allowed.) But, "We think it right to deal at once with the case of Mr. David Weitzman, because it has been obvious all through that the case against him depends on entirely different considerations. . . .

"The court desires to say that there was no case against Mr. David Weitzman and there never has been, which means that the conviction against him will be quashed."

The Lord Chief Justice went on to state that, having carefully considered all the evidence, the court had looked in vain to discover any evidence that David Weitzman had been a party to the alleged conspiracy.

"He is the eldest brother of a family of brothers and, on the uncontradicted evidence, it appears that he has been a very good brother. . . . There was no reason why he should not assist them, and the fact that he lent them money does not show that he was participating in any unlawful business."

And the judge repeated that in the whole of the mass of evidence which had been given, there was "no shred of evidence which points to the guilt of Mr. David Weitzman or to his having taken part in any unlawful conspiracy."

Should Have Been Stopped

This being so, Lord Goddard continued, the trial judge ought to have stopped the case against him the moment the prosecution witnesses had given their evidence. "There never was a case made out against him, and it should have been withdrawn from the jury."

Thus, after fifteen months, ended the most glaring miscarriage of English justice since the Adolf Beck case in 1905, as a result of which this very Court of Criminal Appeal was established by indignant public demand.

It is pleasant to record that David Weitzman's complete rehabilitation was greeted with applause even in the solemn court and much more loudly in the corridors and the street outside, while, when he next entered the House of Commons after his long absence, he was warmly cheered by members of every party.

He had increased his personal reputation by his dignified and gentle bearing throughout the whole hideous ordeal.

But it is not only with him that we are concerned.

The Weitzman case is also of importance because of the light it focuses on some of the gravest defects of our present criminal administration.

First, we see the shocking delay in the presentation of the case in the early stages, due to the overcrowded state of the magistrates' lists. There can be no justification for keeping accused people waiting for months to learn what the evidence is which they will eventually have to meet.

If more magistrates are needed (or some other type of official) to preside over the preliminary hearings, then they ought to be appointed.

Lay Juries May Err

Secondly, those who defend the existing form of trial by a single judge and a lay jury should consider the Weitzman case as an example of the injustice which such a jury may perform when it is faced by a long and complicated issue involving several defendants.

Thirdly, that David Weitzman should have spent six weeks in prison before he had the good fortune—and he was indeed fortunate, as things go—to be released on bail pending the hearing of his appeal from an unfounded conviction is a fact so disgraceful that public opinion, which created the Court of Criminal Appeal, would do well to consider the importance of immediately altering its practice in this respect.

You have been reading what an innocent man suffered in 1947 and 1948. It might have happened to anybody. It ought not to be possible for it to happen again.

THIS is the first of a series of postscripts on trials everyone in Britain talked about—trials sensational in themselves but also significant in legal annals. The writer, C. E. Bechhofer Roberts, barrister-at-law, novelist and biographer, re-enacts each trial vividly, clearing up points which have puzzled laymen, and submitting not only the prisoner but the prosecution and witnesses, the motives and prejudices behind the case to a final, impartial cross-examination

NEXT WEEK: *The full story of Auguste Sangret and the strangest murder of the war years*

What's happening to Sunday?

Traditionally a day of prayer and rest, Sunday is in danger of losing both these characteristics. There's more to the question than killjoys versus pleasure seekers

by the Rev. W. E. PURCELL

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY of the Free Church of Scotland censured Princess Elizabeth and her husband for their way of spending a Sunday in Paris, where they went to church in the morning, later attending the races and a night club. What a general assembly of the average people of Britain would think about this is an interesting question.

All the indications today are that Sunday as a day of deep religious significance, which it once was in these islands, has fallen a casualty to twentieth-century forces. Is this wholly a loss?

Certainly, we are well rid of the often senseless restrictions, based upon a narrow religious outlook, which once made the day seem like a mass funeral. But there is another side to the question.

"The plain fact is," says the report of a recent survey, "that Sunday is rapidly ceasing to afford that weekly chance of quiet and rest which has been invaluable to millions of people for many generations. It often means work, and sometimes overwork, for an increasing number."

Two Extremes of Opinion

One difficulty in the way of getting at the real truth about today's position is that old prejudices still smoulder. The wreckage of the old-time Sunday is still dangerous for the impartial to approach. Heavy detonations still come, on the religious side, from bodies like the Lord's Day Observance Society.

And at the opposite extreme plenty of average people, many with gloomy memories of childhood Sundays, are still liable to go up with a bang when anything favourable to yesterday's attitude to the question is mentioned.

Meanwhile, too many workers, especially in entertainment and transport, are finding that everything in the modern Sunday garden isn't so lovely, after all.

Another recent investigation, made in a large city, found that, on a sample Sunday evening, some people were in church, a lot more were in cinemas; but the vast majority were simply staying quietly behind their own front doors. In other words, they were taking it easy.

This is an important point, often overlooked by advocates of the Continental Sunday, with nothing much to distinguish it from the rest of the week.

Although many people, judging by the way they now spend the day, are not interested in religion, a great many are very interested—for very good reasons—in rest. A pressing question is whether they can go on having one without the other, or whether, like a flower cut off from its root, Sunday must in time wither away altogether, and the works hooter, with everybody's day off carefully staggered, go just as much on that day as on any other.

Unlikely? It could happen; it *is* happening gradually.

There is a real danger today that the squabble over Sunday, which has been going on for a long time between some religious bodies anxious to maintain restrictions and a general public anxious to take them off, will end in the defeat of both. Each side should realize some basic facts.

Millions who enjoy Sundays off as a right might remember that the works gates are closed on that day principally because of religious belief. Sundays come out of religion as fish come out of the sea, so that if religious belief dries up, so must some of the advantages of it too, in time.

And some of the more fanatical religious bodies might bear in mind that about the worst possible way of encouraging respect for principles is to seek to enforce them by laws and restriction.

There are plenty of these, from the Sunday Observance Act of 1625 to the Shops' (Sunday Trading Restrictions) Act of 1936. A tangled undergrowth of law lies between, cut through now and then by a local vote for Sunday cinemas.

Without a doubt, past Sundays of "thou shalt nots" have done a great deal of harm.

Several speakers in a Commons debate which led up to the recent abolition of compulsory church parades in the Services spoke from a sincere religious conviction when they recalled the damage done by making men do by regulation what they didn't want to do by inclination. The same thing could certainly be said of many civilian Sundays.

So long as majority public opinion was on the side of strict observance, a strong case existed for enforcing it. But to go on doing so when the majority has become a minority, is, plainly, to ask for trouble, and the trouble has come. The number of people who have been soured towards Sunday by being made miserable over it as children is very large. Yet that is by no means the whole story.

Among the many blows which have sent the traditional Sabbath down for so long a count, some have come from sources not connected with religious issues at all.

"The Debate Continues"

It is certainly the case, to start with, that one of the earliest results of people gathering together into large towns was the movement to get out of them at the weekends. The hiker getting out of a Sunday-hushed factory town is now only doing something which workers before him for long tried to do themselves.

Yellowing old newspaper files for as long ago as 1861 record a big argument over whether railway travel should be allowed, and even whether the Crystal Palace, in London, should be open on Sunday afternoons. The debaters over Sunday cinemas now are the logical heirs to those who seventy years ago were for or against the then newly-formed Sunday League's proposal to open museums and picture galleries.

A fair comment on the Sunday question all through our history, in fact, might well be "the debate continues." People were arguing about it long before the tide of Sabbatarianism reached an all-time high in the time of Princess Elizabeth's great-grandmother, Victoria. Since then that tide has flowed in the opposite direction, and in its ebb has left some problems high and dry.

The right of the worker to his Sunday is one of them. What he does with the day may well best be left to his own conscience. What the law can do is to help protect everyone's precious right to this one day as a time off.

For Some, Hard Work

What threatens that right? A difficulty here is that the more people need entertaining, transporting, and catering for on Sundays the more other people have to be hard at work doing it for them. This is the catch in the modern Sunday—as an atmosphere of gloom and the tears of children allowed to look only at the Bible and play only with the Noah's Ark was, probably, the catch in the Victorian.

For whole groups of workers, Sunday nowadays is often the hardest day of the week. What is more, the fact that Monday is one of the worst days for absenteeism in some industries is not accidental. Partly it is a follow-up of the previous day's lack of rest.

In their early days the Soviets abolished Sunday. But it was not long before they had to bring back this vital weekly switch-off of the human machine.

What is wanted now, in fact, is a Sunday with a new look, designed to match the new freedom of approach to the whole question. That could easily come with a change of public opinion towards the really precious things in this old day. Leisure and rest—for all except absolutely essential workers—are two of them.

And while restrictive laws based solely on religious considerations might well be swept away—the Anglican Church's report recommends that they should be—a Sunday code designed to protect working conditions, especially in transport and catering, should be framed.

For a lot of average people for a long time our British Sunday has been a green and restful place in the hardness of the week.

The question now—a much bigger one than what the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland thinks about Elizabeth and Philip going to a night club—is whether under the pretext of keeping us entertained we are going to let fellow workers be deprived of this weekly oasis of rest.

Protests followed Parisian Sunday spent by Elizabeth and Philip, seen at night club. The real issue: should Britain copy Continent?

"Drink it right up," he'd said. The long stare from the woman's wild, sad eyes was unforgettable

ILLUSTRATED BY A. R. WHITEAR

the man in the room

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

Had she been here before or just dreamt of it? The house was the same, the room was the same. But what of the man?

"THIS IS THE HOUSE," Brian said, when he had brought the little red sports car to rest outside a tall, grey building.

"Oh. . . ." It was a nervous sound. And Mary did not move from her low bucket seat beside him.

"What's the matter? Don't you like it?"

With an effort she turned towards him and smiled. "Yes—it's not just what I expected."

But it was, she realized now, exactly what she had expected. The tall narrow front, the large windows, the balconies on the first floor with their metal roofs, the dull Victorian obviousness of the façade—it was as if a photograph of the place had hung on her nursery wall.

"Sorry about that," Brian was saying. "The old man likes it. His period, you know."

She knew that she must not disappoint him. He had looked forward to this, to bringing her down to meet his father. He had once said that there were only two people in the world he cared about—his father and herself.

"He's a bit of an eccentric," Brian had remarked, secure in his own breezy conventionality, his sunny good looks, his intelligent normality. "Lives in one of those Victorian houses at St. Leonards. Walks along the front every day. Plays chess and takes it seriously. But you'll like him."

She had been determined to do so. But as the little low car had slid into Hastings she had had a presentiment that it would be at this house, this very flat-faced villa, that they would stop.

They crossed the pavement and went up the stone steps. Six of them, as she thought. And when he took her into the sunlit sitting-room she gazed about her fearfully. At first she thought it might not be the same. After all, the exteriors of all these houses were alike. She might have made a mistake. And nothing—not one piece of furniture which she saw in the room was familiar. She could not remember what had been here, but it was not this.

Then she saw the fireplace. It was made of black marble, true to its period, hideous. And on each side, under the mantelpiece, was a conventionally carved classical face. Victorian Greek, she supposed now, trying to smile. But she knew those faces. She knew the lifeless eyes and the medusa hair. Only she knew them better than this. She knew them from near at hand, by touch and by close sight. There could be no mistake about it. This was the room.

"Darling, what *is* the matter? You look as though you were seeing things."

"Do I, Brian? I'm sorry. I'll cheer up."

He kissed her.

"Sit down a minute. I'll go and tell the old man you're here. He'll offer you sherry or a cocktail. Choose the sherry—it will win his heart."

"All right. Don't be long."

She did not want to be alone in the room. It was cheerful now, with its view of the sea and the crowded promenade. Its furniture was polished and the china and bric-a-brac about here were clean and fresh—not like the dirty ornaments in second-hand shop windows. Some of it was valuable, she thought. And there was a happy, lived-in look about the room. But that was deceptive. She knew. She could not forget how it had been in another mood.

"This is my father, Mary."

She was shaking hands with an old gentleman who looked like Napoleon III on a French coin. She was soon chatting with him, answering his gentle, friendly questions. She could see that Brian was delighted. And when she chose sherry and ventured to say that she could not pretend to know much about wine but she *did* like this, she knew that all was well. Brian's father had accepted her.

But she was asking herself—then and at luncheon—a more disturbing thing. Had she ever seen him before? Was he a part of the other . . . experience, vision, dream, whatever it was that made her know the house? Certainly he was unfamiliar now, as the furniture in the sitting-room had been. But the room itself had not changed. Under its carpet, behind its wallpaper, the room was the same. Was he?

Without that little beard? Twenty years ago—or whenever it was—could he be the man in the room? The thought gave her moments of horror. Brian's father.

She had to control herself. She knew that she was talking too much, though the two men seemed to like it. She wanted to think, to remember again, to clear her mind of the doubt and misery.

"So Brian hit him," she heard herself saying. "Such a lovely blow. A straight left. And the man just subsided into the gutter."

They were laughing, and she with them. But while she laughed she looked at him again. With rimless glasses, with no beard, with his hair less grey . . . could it be the man in the room?

She had never told anyone. It was certainly not something she had read or seen in a film, for she was *in* it. That was the dominant impression. Her own part in the horror. And it had no story—it rose out of nothing.

She was with the man. They had been together for a long time—perhaps the whole of a child's interminable afternoon. She had her hand in his, but not because she wanted it there. In fact, that was the first of the terrors, the grip of his fingers. She had tried to pull her hand away. But the huge fingers round her tiny knuckles were very strong. Whenever the dream came to her she wanted to cry out at that remorseless grip.

SOON they were climbing the six steps of the house. The man with his clutch round her hand did not wait for her. She had to climb and climb as he tugged her up. She was very tired. He spoke, but she could not remember his voice—as it was then. But what he said was unkind, impatient. And he took her into the room.

The woman was lying on a couch. That piece of furniture she could see quite clearly. She had seen similar pieces since, in scrofulous second-hand shops, standing on end, pushed out of the way, unwanted. It was a kind of sofa—with a carved walnut framework and upholstery, rising higher at the end where the woman's head was. The woman did not smell nice. She was stale and pallid. Mary could still see her very clearly, the limp untidy hair, the clammy skin. And the woman had a weak and querulous voice. "Where have you been? Why did you leave me so long?"

Perhaps it was not then that she said that—on the day of the dream. She seemed to Mary to have said it often. "Where have you been? Why did you leave me?" They were like the words that echoed in one's mind as one went under gas in the dentist's chair, growing louder till they seemed to burst the eardrums, then opening into fresh air and the present as one returned to the chair and the surgery window, and the reassuring dentist. "Why did you leave me so long?"

And the man had smiled—a flash of yellow teeth; eyes which never softened.

And then the real horror began.

"I've brought your medicine," the man said.

Those words were isolated in the memory from all other talk between them, as though they were a curtain line which she remembered after the end of a play. It was not that she had heard them with any emotion at the time. Their significance was retrospective.

"Better take it now."

She had watched the man pouring out the medicine. She had had her doll, and sat near the fire with it. The man looked down, flashed his hard grin at her, then poured the medicine into a tumbler.

"Drink it right up!" he had said.

The woman had looked at him. Mary remembered the long stare. The woman's eyes were wild and sad, larger than in life. She held the glass in her hand, still staring at the man. Then she swallowed.

"Oh, it's nasty," she said.

"All the best medicines are," the man said with again that sudden humourless grin.

Then there was a long dim time which was part of the dream but which had no sounds or pictures in it. After that the woman was crying. Her eyes were closed

Ulster Customs men watch for cattle smugglers. "Border is demoralizing the nation," says Eire Labour Party

WILL IRELAND BE ONE AGAIN?

by Harry Hopkins

The feud with Britain is over, but bitterness remains in Ireland. There's still the Border question to be settled

ACROSS THE ISLAND, the dotted red line snaked on, running over mountains, ploughing into loughs, bisecting railways and farms, slicing through the fine network of roads.

At Pettigoe it chopped a village neatly in half; at Derry it swept off a suburb so that city workers file 750,000 times through the Customs yearly; at Bundoran, it forced patriotic Irishmen to pass through the United Kingdom in order to reach their own seaside.

It took a South African, an Ulsterman and an Irishman two years to disagree on that frontier, but in Dublin Castle, the Customs men looked at the map and sighed. "Couldn't make it harder for us if you tried," they said.

This border line is unique. To the South it is front-page news every week, all year, every year. To the North it has kept one party in power over a quarter of a century. In Eire it unites all parties from left to right.

"*Britain is guilty*," de Valera tells Americans, and as, back in Dublin, big type repeats the accusation, no Irishman has to think twice. He knows that Dev's back on Partition: the last unsettled item on Ireland's long and bitter account. But an Englishman wonders: Is this thing real or a politician's ramp? Can ordinary Irish folk really be so preoccupied with this ancient wrangle which today few Britons worry about?

"Well, no one I know loses any sleep over it," confessed the accountant on the bus. "We just *know* it's wrong."

"Is a one-legged man conscious of not having two legs?" said the engineer.

All in Eire who are politically conscious at all have this conviction deep in their very bones: Ireland is one and must be one again.

Threat of Expulsion

Down in Tipperary, an electrician told me about the North's "Permit" system. The Ulster authorities, he complained, would only grant an Irishman a short-period work permit—frequently renewed—so as to be able to hold the weapon of expulsion over his head.

"Why," he said, "I, an Irishman, can work anywhere in England or Scotland—but not in my own country."

Then he told me, with feeling, about how, on his way back to Eire after a period working in Derry, he'd had to pay £5 duty on a sports coat and flannels he'd bought up there. You hear lots of stories like that in Eire.

Stories about cattle moving slowly north, from farm to farm, spending a day or two on each; about cattle fairs held in the middle of the night and donkeys trained to cross mountains by themselves. About all the property being bought with high denomination notes in Dublin. And the "wicked salient" near Clones, where a tongue of Eire is nipped between the frontier, with no roads out except through Northern Ireland.

"The Border," said Luke Duffy, secretary of the Eire Labour Party, "is a menace. It's spreading ruffianism and trickery. It's demoralizing the nation."

In Belfast I spoke to Sir Basil Brooke about it. Sir Basil Brooke is Prime Minister of the Tory Government which under the Labour Government runs Northern Ireland. Educated at Winchester and Sandhurst, his recreations are shooting, fishing and golf.

"Utter rubbish!" said Sir Basil. "The stuff some of those fellows come out with! First of all, you must realize that we've got the British outlook up here even stronger than in Britain. Old-fashioned, maybe—but it's there."

He denied completely any discrimination against the Roman Catholic third: "But it's not so simple; there is the same difficulty you're having now with the Communists: the difficulty of loyalty.

"Remember," he said, "there is in this country an intensely strong political hierarchy in the Roman Catholic Church. My own eyes were opened in the 'Gold Standard' election in Fermanagh, when Catholics were instructed from the altar which way to vote. We will not risk being run by the Catholic Church.

"Those British M.P.s who have been advocating Union are doing an extremely dangerous thing. You've got the best friends the British Commonwealth ever had in Ulster. If we're pushed out, you'd have the greatest enemies."

"Passionate Loyalty"

Mr. Adams, former editor of the *Northern Whig*, today Ulster's chief publicist, took me over. He talked about the "loyalty" of Ulster. He said: "It's fundamental and it's passionate."

I tried some ordinary people.

The hotel manager said: "North or South, I don't care. We shall have to work just the same." The taxi-driver said: "There's plenty of food down there and you can get those new American Fords for £510." The carpenter said: "Don't really think it would make much difference." The waitress said: "I've only been in the Free State once, but I liked it. I like the whole of Ireland."

Where was the passion? Where were the Union Jacks?

Left to themselves, one suspected, the attitude of ordinary people would be determined not by rigid principles, but simply by the way the ending of the Border would affect them personally.

To reach a fair view, the inquirer must hack his way through a tangled propaganda jungle.

I asked Sir Basil Brooke when Northern Ireland was going to repeal the Special Powers Act—passed to cope with the civil war situation of 1922—enabling the Government to clap anyone in jail without trial. "It's a safeguard none of us likes," he said. "But there's no other way. You see, we can never be certain when things are going to boil up."

Northern Ireland, in other words, must stay mobilized, living always on the brink. The usual totalitarian results follow. You are for us or against us. If you are for us, good, you're a fine fellow; if you're against us, you're a traitor and had better watch your step.

Most repugnant of all is the extension of the totalitarian principle to religion. Nationalists are traitors. Most Roman Catholics are Nationalists. . . . That is how the Ulster syllogism runs. A photographers' shop window in a Belfast main street was covered with postcard photos of columns of small boys, marching with banners and slogans. "No. 1 District Orange Juniors," said the notice underneath. The infants, too, were mobilized against Rome, Dublin—and presumably, the Catholic traitor-infants.

And so, beneath the growing boredom of ordinary folk, the senseless feud is perpetuated, while in Eire the pastures grow brown from neglect, and in Ulster, a great industrial proletariat sends only three Labour members to its Parliament.

What will be the end of the story? On this, there are in Eire two schools of thought.

"Take away your soldiers' bayonets, and we'll settle it in six weeks," said Con Lehane, Dublin solicitor and Republican member of the Dail. Such rhetoricians lay everything at Britain's door, gloss over tangled economic readjustments and brush aside such awkward facts as the recent Armagh by-election which showed—in a county which Eire claims—a twelve-thousand majority for Partition.

Then there is the "Softly-Softly" school. "Our aim is to make Eire so prosperous and attractive they'll *want* to come in," said Edward Lawlor, the new Government's official spokesman.

The Roman Catholic Church is an exponent of this method. Eire subsidizes buses to pick up scattered Protestant children and take them to schools which get full grants in aid. Protestant bishops pay public tribute to the generous treatment of their little flock.

It's All Very Irish

Fortunately, Eire is a country where it is possible to be rhetorical in one sentence, and practical in the next. De Valera, denouncing the idolators of Stormont, in the next breath offers to let Ulster retain its present Parliament in the united Ireland.

Sean MacBride, the rival firebrand, admits it's no good talking about wiping out the Border till Eire's social services have been raised to Ulster's level.

The important thing is that on both sides of the Border the tide of violence is ebbing fast.

The ending of Partition will free the Irish spirit and remove the final obstacle to that co-operation to which Nature and History predestined our neighbouring islands.

With the industry of the North geared to the agriculture of the South, the staying power of Ulster behind the intelligence of Eire, Ireland will emerge at last from her Celtic twilight to make her own rich contribution to the life of Europe.

THE VENUS OF BAINVILLE: from page 8

his free hand. Socrate fitted on the one leg and told M. Lachaise exactly where he had found it.

"It's the site of the old Roman road," Gaston interrupted. "You will recall, *Monsieur le Député*, that the ancient temple of Venus, referred to in the old chronicles, has never been found. But it has never been doubted that there *was* such a temple near Bainville. Might it not be under Farmer Dufour's meadow, where Socrate was ploughing?"

"It might," M. Lachaise grunted sceptically. He ordered a fresh bottle of wine.

"Observe the classical grace of the figure, Monsieur," Gaston continued excitedly. "Is not this pose familiar to you? Doesn't it remind you of the Vatican Venus? Is it not clearly imitated from Praxiteles?"

"I thought Praxiteles was Greek, not Roman," said M. Lachaise.

"That's what makes it so valuable," Gaston cried. "It proves that the Romans brought ancient monuments all the way from the Mediterranean shores to Normandy. Probably this statue was captured in the Trojan War. Probably——"

"Probably it's a fake," sneered M. Lachaise, addressing his attention to some ripe and runny Camembert cheese.

"Monsieur Lachaise, I am a sculptor myself!" Gaston said heatedly. "I know what I am talking about. This marble is old. It's of a quality never found in France. And the style of the work is wholly un-French. Don't you agree?"

"I shall have to think about this," M. Lachaise said. "Though what *you* know about it I can't imagine. *You* a sculptor! Do you really call those miscarriages of yours sculpture? If you're a sculptor, so's my sister's cat!"

GASTON clenched his fist. "One day you'll be proud that I ever spoke to you!" he muttered. "All Bainville will be proud. Streets will be named after me."

Socrate, thinking of Friquette and Papillon unattended in the field, fidgeted in his chair. "If *Monsieur le Député* will excuse me——"

"Certainly, my good man. Don't let us keep you," said M. Lachaise.

"When shall I come for the reward?" the ploughman asked surlily.

"Reward? What reward?"

"For finding the statue, of course."

"But that will be an affair of *longueur*," M. Lachaise stated. "The matter has to be investigated first. We must consult experts. If the statue is genuine, you will be interviewed by reporters, your picture will be in the Paris papers, you'll be the man of the moment, I assure you."

"I'd rather have the reward," muttered Socrate.

"We shall see," said M. Lachaise. "Good day to you."

Socrate mooched disconsolately away.

"All the same, these peasants," M. Lachaise said. "Money-grubbing. Sell their own grandmothers."

"I was thinking, Monsieur," Gaston said carefully, "that Bainville needs a new Art Gallery."

"We have a museum. Plenty of room for this young lady there."

"The Venus of Bainville," Gaston murmured to himself. "Do you realize, Monsieur, that people from all over the world will come to Bainville to see her?"

M. Lachaise cocked an eye at him. "We could charge fifteen francs per visitor."

"Thirty in the tourist season," Gaston added quickly. "Look at all the *crétins* who go and goggle at the Bayeux tapestry."

M. Lachaise did some rapid mental arithmetic. "We could make a couple of million francs a year out of Americans alone."

"But we must have a new building worthy of her," Gaston insisted. "We could put in one or two of my own works for good measure."

"So that's why you're so keen on an Art Gallery!" jeered M. Lachaise.

"No, Monsieur. I wish to be Permanent Curator of the Art Gallery. You realize that my work at present does not bring in a living. I need a fixed source of income if I am to create."

M. Lachaise shook his head. "I do not consider you a suitable person for the post. We want somebody who has no prejudices about art." He called for his bill and reached for his straw hat. "Preferably a man who is not interested in sculpture at all. My sister-in-law's second cousin, perhaps. He's been out of work for quite a time. . . . Of course, M. Suarez, we shall consult your expert opinion in the matter of—er—of this charming creature."

"You old charlatan!" Gaston exploded. "Picking my brains for your own profit! You just see what happens to you!" He strode furiously out of the restaurant, leaving M. Lachaise to manage the Venus as best he could.

M. Lachaise lost no time at all. He appointed a Committee of Inquiry consisting of his friends M. Frémont the baker, M. Boulot the timber merchant, M. Pradier the lacemaker, and, as a concession to intellect, M. Duché, the classics master at the Lycée St. Rodolphe. In the attic of M. Lachaise's house they sat round the Venus, drinking wine and nodding their heads.

M. Duché saw no reason why it should not be genuine. It looked genuine. Who would think it worth while to fake such a thing, anyway? Men had other things to think of these days, with the franc falling and chalk in the bread. The other members of the committee, anxious not to reach a decision before M. Lachaise's stock of wine had been exhausted, disagreed. This went on for several evenings until M. Lachaise, hinting at the advantages that would accrue to Bainville if the statue were genuine, carried his point.

"After all," he said, "it is much easier to prove that a thing is genuine than to prove that it is *not*." The meeting sleepily concurred and dispersed.

Meanwhile M. Lachaise had launched an intensive publicity campaign. Plans were drawn for the new Art Gallery. The town prepared to receive an official visit from M. Berthollet, of the Ministry of Fine Arts in Paris. He brought with him Professor Coquelicot of the Sorbonne, author of a standard book in nine volumes on Graeco-Roman antiquities, and the directors of a number of museums.

The experts were mostly glum little men who brightened up visibly when they beheld the Venus in all her beauty.

M. Berthollet confessed frankly that although, as Minister of Fine Arts, he was naturally concerned with matters relating to his department of the Civil Service, he himself did not greatly care for art at all. He would abide by the decision of Professor Coquelicot, the acknowledged expert. Professor Coquelicot's opinion of the Venus improved in direct proportion to the number of glasses of M. Lachaise's *calvados* he drank.

At length Professor Coquelicot wrote and signed a report saying that in his view the Venus of Bainville was genuine. More, it was a treasure which would take a shining place in the glory of France.

THE summer of 1946 was the most successful tourist season Bainville had ever known. Guide books were hastily revised to include information about the Venus. M. Lachaise's predictions about the profits from Americans were fulfilled and exceeded. The Rôtisserie des Deux Cocus was redecorated with new scarlet and white blinds and renamed the Café Venus. Later there were strong complaints from the Louvre: the Venus of Bainville was so important a national treasure that it ought to be enshrined in the heart of Paris. These were stoutly resisted.

M. Lachaise's sister-in-law's second cousin, a precise and skinny youth called Mathieu, supervised the new Art Gallery and counted the francs as they poured in. He liked his new job since it left him a great deal of leisure for fishing. Once a week he walked through the gallery, scolding the charwoman whenever he found any dust on the Venus.

"*Quel horreur,*" he would sometimes say. "All these people coming from far and near to stare at a naked woman in stone!"

One day M. Mathieu heard a ripple of laughter coming from the Venus Room. Investigating, he found an extremely pretty girl standing before the statue.

"The Venus of Bainville," she laughed. "That's a good one!" She read aloud the plaque on the statue's pedestal: "'This jewel among French antiquities dates from the first century A.D. . . .'—what rubbish!"

"Mademoiselle is perhaps hysterical," said M. Mathieu very coldly. "Why else should she find the Venus laughable?"

The girl turned upon him fiercely. "Listen. You and M. Lachaise and all those so-called experts from Paris—you've been had. This statue is a forgery!"

"You are an authority on antiquities, Mademoiselle?"

"No. But I know who carved this Venus. Ever heard of Gaston Suarez?"

"Impossible," Mathieu snapped. Terrible visions of losing his new job swam before his eyes. "Why do you tell me this?"

"Because I want my revenge. Suarez has left me for another woman."

"I see," murmured Mathieu in great distress. "But can you prove these allegations?"

"Yes. I was the model for this statue."

"You mean you——?" Mathieu looked from the girl to Venus and back to the girl, and blushed. Recovering himself, he asked, "What is your name?"

"Annette Latouche, artist's model."

"We must consult M. Lachaise immediately."

M. Lachaise was furious. For a full hour he refused even to entertain the idea of a forgery. He dared not think of the ridicule and loss of profit to which Bainville and himself would be exposed if Mlle Latouche were right. At last, however, he agreed to tackle Gaston Suarez. He called an extraordinary meeting of the Bainville-le-Billy Fine Arts Committee and summoned Gaston to appear before it.

THE meeting was held in the Art Gallery, the Venus standing aloofly in the middle.

"M. Suarez," M. Lachaise began, "it is alleged that this statue is a fake, that it is in fact your work. I have called this meeting to give you an opportunity of publicly clearing yourself of these fantastic charges. I shall be most happy and relieved to hear a denial from your own lips."

"I deny nothing."

"*What?*" M. Lachaise turned purple and then white.

"I hereby confess that it was I who made that statue. The marble came from Italy, and was a birthday present from a fellow sculptor in Milan. I deliberately mutilated the statue and buried the fragments in Farmer Dufour's meadow so that Socrate the ploughman should find them. I am prepared to sign a statement to that effect."

"M. Suarez," M. Lachaise's voice trembled beseechingly, "I hope you are joking. Do you realize the seriousness——?"

"I do."

The committee gasped. Its members avoided each other's eyes.

"You are aware," M. Lachaise went on, "that the Venus of Bainville has been pronounced a genuine Gallo-Roman sculpture by no less an authority than Professor Coquelicot of the Sorbonne? And by experts from the Ministry of Fine Arts?"

"Coquelicot is an old rogue," shouted Gaston. "And the experts are liars."

"Can you prove that the statue is your work?"

"Certainly." Amid dead silence Gaston opened a large box and produced from it some fragments of marble. He walked over to the Venus and placed them in position. "The missing pieces," he said. "I've had them in my studio all the time. Do you believe me now?"

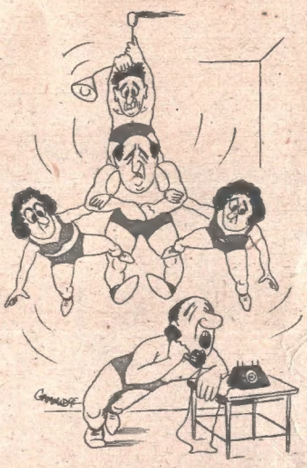
A murmur of alarm and anger ran through the meeting.

"I cannot accept your evidence," M. Lachaise blustered. "How do I know that you didn't find these fragments in the meadow before Socrate went ploughing there?"

"You'll have to take my word for it," Gaston said coolly.

"Why should you do such a thing,

Continued on page 21



"I'll have to hang up now, we're in the middle of a rehearsal"

THIS WEEK'S COVER

SINCE THE DAY when gallant Sir Francis Drake decided there was just time to finish his game of bowls before having a go at the Armada, Britons have always known there is more to the game than meets the eye. "To the uninitiated a slow, yawning spectacle, it can rouse the fiercest passions in placid, middle-aged men," says Fred Gardner, this week's cover artist. He painted this apparently close finish in Battersea Park, London.

HE WARNS THE WORLD

by MATTHEW HALTON

The man with a plan says we can stave off a catastrophe worse than war—but only if the nations work together

"THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD are insane. They are spending one-third of their national revenues preparing for the next war, when the human race is faced with starvation and chaos even without war. Communists and capitalists are shouting insults and making faces like vicious children, when they should be collaborating to prevent the collapse of civilization. The race is advancing swiftly to destruction. We have less than fifty years in which to stave off catastrophe; and the chances are not too good."

The speaker is Sir John Boyd Orr. He is talking about starvation. Not about other people's starvation, but ours.

He is talking about world starvation on a scale which he says will mean the collapse of civilization unless the nations drop their feuds and make a concerted effort.

Who is this prophet of the Great Hunger? In what right does he speak?

John Boyd Orr, son of an Ayrshire farmer, is the world's foremost food expert and one of humanity's great citizens.

He is a massive man—big physically, intellectually and in personality. He has silver hair, thick silver bushes of eyebrows, and a great Roman nose. He is grey and tired, anxious to retire to his farm in Scotland, but too big a man to be a defeatist. He is doing his best to rally the forces of sanity before it is too late.

Born sixty-eight years ago and educated as a doctor, Boyd Orr served with the R.A.M.C. in the first World War and won both the M.C. and the D.S.O.

He took a degree in agricultural science and decided to devote his life to that work. It led him to nutrition, and his work for the Ministry of Health and the League of Nations soon made him a leading authority on food.

When, in 1945, he was appointed Director-General of the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations he made a notable declaration of faith.

"I am a Scot," he said, "and I am passionately fond of my native land. But I renounce citizenship in my country. Today I become a citizen of the world."

Now, having resigned from the F.A.O., Boyd Orr has given what he calls his "last warning to mankind."

Boyd Orr with grandchildren. The chances are "not too good"

More and More People

Mankind is notoriously hard to warn, especially when the peril is more than a few weeks distant, and when it is something undramatic like soil erosion and over-population rather than atom bombs and push-button war. But Sir John is making his effort—and this is what he is talking about: the contraction of the earth's arable surface and the terrifyingly swift increase of its population.

"I have five points," he told me.

"1. The wasting away of the sources of food production, chiefly by soil erosion, is already disastrous, and it is immensely complicated by the rising tide of population.

"2. If the problem is not solved there will be increasing political and social unrest throughout the world.

"3. A *tremendous* effort is therefore necessary, on a world-wide plan and scale, to develop food production.

"4. The British Commonwealth can give the lead.

"5. Such an effort is the only way of averting the collapse of civilization in the lifetime of our children."

First—soil erosion. *It takes nature about five hundred years to make one inch of fertile soil. Vandal man destroys EIGHT inches in two or three generations.*

Second, population. The population of the world is now reckoned at well over 2,000,000,000. For thousands of years it grew comparatively slowly. About three hundred years ago, however, the rate of increase began to rise; and in the last two hundred years it became a gallop.

In Europe alone the population rose from 140,000,000 in the middle of the eighteenth century to more than 500,000,000 in our own time. The needs of the increased numbers were met by the exploitation of the southern hemisphere and the New World.

Today the human number is increasing at the rate of 20,000,000 a year. It has increased by nearly 1,200,000,000 since the beginning of the last and most destructive war. But today there are no new continents to discover and there is hardly any more virgin land to be exploited.

The Far East is a startling phenomenon of human fertility in spite of poverty and disease. China, it is thought, has perhaps 600,000,000 people; India has some 400,000,000.

"By the end of this century," says Boyd Orr, "there will be another 500,000,000 people on earth. If the World Health Organization is successful in controlling preventable diseases the increase may be nearer 1,000,000,000. And there will be a rising and insistent demand for increased food consumption per head.

"But the way things are going there will be less food. Soil erosion is taking place all over the world. There will be chaos and anarchy within fifty years unless the nations attack the problem in a great concerted effort—and do it now. In England in the 'Hungry Forties' of a century ago the famished crowds threatened the Government with the cry, 'Bread or blood.' Hundreds of millions will be crying it unless the land is saved."

All over the world, thanks to the ignorance or short-sightedness of hungry man, the deserts have been advancing on our heritage, the good earth.

North Africa was once the granary of the Roman Empire; today it is mostly shifting sand.

"How could there have been a city here?" asked the surprised British soldiers in Cyrenaica when they saw the stone and marble ruins of Cyrene. Yet Cyrenaica was a land of milk and honey until deforestation, overcropping and ignorance of crop rotation killed the soil. Carthage disappeared because men raped its riches of tree and grassroot so that the soil could not hold water, and so let in the Sahara.

Only Mud Saves Egypt

The wasting has gone on for centuries all over the world. Only the fecund mud of Mother Nile saves Egypt—for the time being. The deserts are still advancing; the waters growing less. The lumber companies are still felling more trees than they plant, destroying the forests whose roots prevent erosion.

We burn bush and grasslands to provide pasture and crop space—and the rains run too swiftly off, taking the precious topsoil with them, because there are no roots and vegetation to bind and hold it. The flood is followed by the dust bowl. We over-cultivate, working the tired soil to death. Soils are still running out for lack of nitrogenous cropping. There is not enough crop rotation.

In the United States and Canada and some other countries, fortunately, the red light of disaster was seen, perhaps in time. The magnificent Tennessee Valley Authority, now fifteen years old, is restoring a whole watershed. More than forty thousand farmer-scientists are co-operating with T.V.A. on test farms to show others how to conserve their soil.

In Atom Bomb Land

Farther west, in the dust bowl of the New Mexican desert, where the first atomic bomb was exploded, they are reclaiming the mountain valleys that were overgrazed and churned to dust by great herds of cattle. The ranchlands of Colorado, Arizona, Montana and Utah are being resodded with brome and oat grass and other forage plants. American and Canadian scientists searched Central Asia, Turkestan, China and South America for the restoring grass seeds that would take root in weakened soil.

In Canada, excellent work has been done under a large-scale government scheme in soil conservation, irrigation, farm shelter belts and land reclamation. The Soviet Union is making an immense effort. A vast plan is on foot in South Africa to irrigate some 2,000,000 acres of the Orange Free State by tunnelling fifty miles from the Orange River. Japan and Java have developed to an art the control of erosion on hilly slopes. The vigorous Jewish settlers in Palestine have shown that the desert can be made to blossom.

But all this is just nibbling at a gigantic problem. Even if the world's population were static the nations would be hard put to it to save the soil and to grow enough food. How much more formidable is the problem when men are increasing by twenty millions a year!

What is the answer?

Boyd Orr says this: "The full application of science by a world body. Governments are worrying about Communism versus free enterprise, or the next election; building up war machines instead of applying the world's steel and industrial production to conserving the resources of the land.

Britain Must Take the Lead

"There are fifty-seven nations already co-operating in the World Food Council, and soon there will be sixty. If they provide the money it can be done. The machinery and equipment could be provided to save and reclaim the soil. The British Commonwealth must give the lead. In experience of government, in potential resources and in moral prestige the Commonwealth is the greatest force in the world. It must enlist the rest of the United Nations in a world-wide plan of reconstruction and development."

I know some agricultural experts who say that Boyd Orr is too gloomy. They regard him as a kind of fanatic about food.

At this, Sir John smiles grimly and replies: "Get yourself a population chart and the F.A.O.'s report on soil erosion, and put two and two together. I am no more dour than the facts."

Simple logic certainly shows that the world faces the Great Hunger in our own time unless the human race acts like a community, instead of a cageful of monkeys, and decides to work to a plan.

BRING RIGHT FOOT UP TO LEFT FOO

As the band plays, the Voice dictates the steps—strictly "English Style"—and in millions of homes novices dance a painstaking solo in front of the radio. Here's the story of the man and methods behind the Voice • **by Dennis Holman**

ASK TWELVE AVERAGE young people what they think of Victor Silvester. I did, and nine expressed distaste.

"He's monotonous," one said. "His orchestration is musically bankrupt," said another. The third screwed up her nose. The fourth looked at me as if I had asked a rude question. The fifth summed up his reactions monosyllabically: "Stinks!" And so on.

A few were jazz highbrows, and jazz highbrows are notoriously intolerant; one of the specialized newspapers has not printed a mention of Silvester for three years. Yet his records are best sellers. His Ballroom Orchestra has been voted the most popular dance band in the country by national newspaper polls. And for the past five years he has topped the B.B.C. Listeners' Research Poll.

My private poll had obviously missed the mark. So I tried again. The result varied only slightly. Either people liked Victor Silvester's music and wouldn't admit it, or else here was a man who gave the public what it didn't want and made a fortune doing it.

Perhaps the paradox was best explained by Wendy Farmer, a Bournemouth schoolgirl. "I don't like to listen very much to Victor Silvester's music," she said. "But I like dancing to it." Wendy is a radio dancing fan, one of the five million who listen intently to *Dancing Club* and follow the ballroom dancing lessons given by Silvester.

Practically everybody with a radio that is left tuned in to the Light Programme on a Tuesday night at ten fifteen is familiar with forty-five minutes of popular music in strict tempo and the voice that persuades listeners to "Place left foot forward. Bring right foot up to left foot. . . ."

From the Paris Cinema in Regent Street, London, Victor Silvester goes on the "air," and the scene is like nothing that has ever confronted the massed audiences of *Itma* and *Merry-Go-Round* in the same hall. If the seats are nearly empty it is because most of the audience is dancing on the stage, with Victor Silvester chucking off the beats like a benign metronome and his band pegging away bravely.

The atmosphere is juvenile and informal. It is a pleasant, social event, interrupted only for a short lesson by Silvester, demonstrated by a couple of champions. It ends at eleven.

If, in the rôle of bandleader, Silvester comes under critical fire, as a teacher of ballroom dancing his reputation goes back more than twenty years, to the time when, as three times a world's champion, his technique was the standard in practically every country outside the U.S.A.

Ran Away From School

He was born in 1901, at Wembley, the son of the vicar. Victor's schooling was brief. He ran away from St. John's, Leatherhead, and again from John Lyon's School, Harrow, this time to join the infantry at the age of fourteen. At sixteen he was wounded on the Italian Front, at San Gabriele. He was demobbed in 1919, a second lieutenant.

For months he was at a loose end. His youth and Army service secured him a nomination to Sandhurst, where he stayed just three weeks, until the charade of playing at soldiers, after four years of the real thing, got him down. He ran away for the third time.

While waiting for Sandhurst, Silvester had spent part of his time and gratuity at tea dances in Harrod's Restaurant. He was presentable and enthusiastic; a dance hostess asked him to meet her again at the Empress Rooms, Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington.

There he, himself, had been persuaded to become a professional dancer, at £1 a week plus tips. So after Sandhurst, Silvester went back to the Empress Rooms. They gave him more money—£5 a week plus tips—and there he stayed for three years, a dance host during the evenings; studying music at Trinity College and practising for dancing competitions during the day.

Then came the Christmas of 1922; he won the first World's Ballroom Dancing Championship, with Phyllis Clarke, at the Queen's Hall, London. A few days later he married Dorothy Newton, a *Daily Mirror* beauty contest winner, whom he had met tea dancing months before. They teamed and started the first Victor Silvester School of Dancing, in Maddox Street.

The Silvesters charged three guineas for five lessons and soon collected something of a "class" clientele. They gave exhibitions and visited the Continent, disseminating their latest development, the modern waltz.

In 1926, about the time of the Charleston boom, Silvester, in peak physical condition, with a working day of practically twelve hours on his feet, dancing, instructing, demonstrating and still studying harmony and piano at Trinity College, went out into the cold one night without an overcoat, caught a chill and went to bed with pneumonia.

Letter From a Geisha Girl

Complications followed. He lay on his back for three months, watching his savings slipping away. Convalescence gave him time to think, and while he waited to begin again, Silvester wrote *Modern Ballroom Dancing*.

To date the book has sold more than a million copies, with many foreign translations for which up-to-date figures are not available. Indeed, Japanese publishers pirated it and produced five editions which are said to have sold more than 2,500,000 copies. One Japanese geisha girl wrote to Silvester, enthusiastically: "Not know English Prime Minister, but everybody in Japan know Victor Silvester."

In Germany, Hitler nationalised ballroom dancing instruction; the textbook selected for examinations was *Modern Ballroom Dancing*, by Victor Silvester.

But America stayed out.

His teaching methods, Silvester claims, are the simplest ever devised for making people learn quickly. The basis of the system is one figure of four foot movements, called the Fourstep, which always starts with the left foot and can be adapted to practically any rhythm with many varying patterns.

For the foxtrot this would be "Slow slow, quick, quick"; a strict tempo that Silvester found practically impossible to follow from any of the records that were being marketed prior to 1934. There was a demand for non-vocal popular numbers recorded in dance time; and Silvester persuaded Columbia Graphophone Company that this was a demand he was able to supply with his small band.

Answer to Jazz Highbrows

They made two records (four titles). A minimum sale of two thousand of each record was essential to make the recording pay, and Silvester reckoned on disposing of these to about that number of registered dancing teachers in the country. In actual fact sales exceeded twelve thousand for each record.

Victor Silvester was invited by Columbia to continue. He has since recorded more than seven hundred titles; sales average more than those of any other dance band in the country. So much for the jazz highbrows, for whom Silvester has a fine regard, but for whom, he regrets, he has nothing more to offer.

At the same time, Victor Silvester's Orchestra remains among the most expensive to book, even though there are only seven musicians to be paid from booking fees; he never employs a singer, and

Victor Silvester, earnest radio guide to the serious business of the samba. *Dancing Club* comes off at the end of this week for a summer breather

John Bull colour photograph by William Kemp

T . . .

doesn't need an arranger (whose services cost some bandleaders from five guineas a number).

Silvester's personal income accumulates from a dozen sources: He charges an average of £250 for a one-night stand for the band, and it plays about three or four times a week; there are broadcast fees, television fees; royalties from recordings, from tango and waltz compositions and from his books; revenue from newspaper articles; commission from advertising; and perquisites here and there which gross Silvester an average of £30,000 a year. To this has lately been added a share of the profits of two companies.

The purpose of the first, Victor Silvester and Oscar Grasso Productions, Ltd., is to deal with all band engagements, excluding broadcasting and recording. Sojourners, Ltd., the second company, consists of a couple of large houses run as service apartments.

Show How It's Done

The current *Dancing Club* started in July, 1941, and has continued with increasing popularity ever since.

For the demonstrations, Victor Silvester usually uses Charles and Joan Thiebault. Charles is thirty-seven; he began dancing at fourteen. At twenty-eight, a caterer by profession, he won his first amateur dancing championship. He switched to teaching, and, with his partner, Doreen Deahan, danced his way to world standards and fame.

When Charles married, the old dancing partnership split; but critics find little to choose between that and the new one. Together, he and Joan run a dancing school at 20 Grosvenor Place. Their exhibitions are the star turn for the audience at *Dancing Club*.

This programme and his *Television Dancing Club* are now Silvester's only media for teaching. The School of Dancing folded up during the war; Dorothy Silvester attempted to keep it going, until a couple of accidents in the blackout resulted in her leg having to be amputated.

Victor Silvester hasn't the heart to dance again; he likes to remember his and Dorothy's great heyday, and remains now the reassuring, persuasive voice broadcasting the "English Style" that has made us a nation of the best average dancers. He, more than anybody, can be blamed for the wartime boom that transformed a lighthearted, gregarious pastime into a mass preoccupation, second only to the cinema.

The boom persists. Tonight more than four hundred mammoth halls all over the country will accommodate as many thousand people who take their dancing very seriously. These and the millions who dance on other nights look to Silvester for guidance when it comes to the serious business of the samba.

At home, as he is at work, Silvester is punctual and fastidious, but with people he is tolerant, easy going and always good tempered. He lives simply and he thinks directly; he is very much the pal, rather than the father of his son, Victor Junior, a tall, good-looking young man of twenty-four, who borrows Senior's clothes and can beat Senior at chess.

Victor Senior had hoped his son would learn to manage the company, lead the band; and to further these ends, Junior was taught the clarinet. But Victor Junior doesn't want to be a bandleader.

He wants to be a film star; besides he's in love with a film starlet.

This impression of the varied clientele outside a second-hand bookshop was specially painted for John Bull by Gilbert Turrall. No "delegating" here

CHOICE OR CHANCE?

by JOHN PUDNEY

People who let husband, wife or the girl behind the counter select their books for them don't know how much they miss

DO YOU CHOOSE your books, or do books choose you? Almost the worst way of coming by books is demonstrated to me by an otherwise intelligent fellow-passenger whom I meet in the train.

After skimming his four-page newspaper he brings out week by week a succession of dreary circulating-library books. Their dreariness does not match his character—for he has a discriminating taste in most things and a lively interest in affairs of the world.

Nor does the dreariness seem to give him much pleasure. He said to me the other day: "Aren't there any good writers in Britain, and, if so, where are they?" I asked him whether he had ever taken the trouble to seek an answer to that question himself, for I know he takes the trouble to discover the good footballers, politicians, radio commentators and racehorses.

He confessed that he let his wife choose his books in the circulating library.

Here is a man deliberately foregoing one of life's choicest pleasures — the choice of books. He has delegated his taste. It is not because he is henpecked. His wife accepts her responsibility as just another domestic duty. It is not because he is particularly lazy. He enjoys a full life and good health. It is just a bad habit which has formed with the years.

What stands between this individual and the good books he would like to read are the foibles of two excellent and well-meaning women. His wife, who says, "What would my husband like?" and someone in the library who says, "Do you think your husband would like this?"

My fellow-passenger seemed astonished when I suggested that there are plenty of under-middle-aged writers in this country who are as good as any you will find outside it. I began my list with the names of Graham Greene, Patrick Hamilton, Rex Warner, Gerald Kersh, H. E. Bates, Evelyn Waugh. Good? By this I mean entertaining, imaginative, virile, original and enterprising. And there are as many more again who could be named.

First Move Is Yours

The works of such writers as these are available in most good public libraries, in the bookshops and in the circulating libraries. Librarians and booksellers who are experienced and interested in their jobs will be able to tell you all about them. These experts have to cater for wide varieties of taste in writing, however, and the initial move must always be with the reader, borrower or buyer who develops a taste.

It all comes back to the *taste* of an individual. Many people have been put off the pleasures of reading by having "things rammed down their throats at school." Schoolmasters who try to force literary standards upon their pupils do a disservice to literature and to the young mind.

The first principle of taste is to read what interests you. Your interest grows, the field of your reading increases. New writers, both living and dead, suddenly come to your notice. New forms of writing, such as poetry, biography or historical romance, suddenly appeal. Books reach their shelves by quite a complicated process of selection, but it is ultimately the consumer who makes or unmakes their reputation.

What, No Hadley Chase?

When *books* are choosing *people* very rum conversations are often heard. I can recall such examples as these:

Bewildered person: Have you got that book by that man who wrote what was it called . . . Mrs. Chamber's sister had it and liked it so much.

Idle person: Just something for a girl of twenty. No, I've no idea what.

Contradictory person: All the tripe that's turned out. All the murder, the sex, the crime! What, you haven't got the James Hadley Chase for me?

The most obvious way of choosing new books is to follow the writing of the book reviewers. With painfully diminished space in all newspapers, however, the considerable output of new books in this country cannot hope to be more than touched upon by the Press.

The B.B.C., in spite of the fact that it has a larger amount of air time than before the war, devotes an absurdly small amount of it to new books. One of its best book programmes is hidden away at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon. Books, therefore, by authors of repute, produced by publishers of repute, have but a modest chance of being brought to your attention.

Fortunately the whole machinery of the book trade provides other opportunities. The modern bookshop in your town or suburb is often a pretty lively place. Many public libraries have become cultural centres, with displays, discussions and lectures.

And there are the book societies and book clubs, which make selections of one or several books every month for their members. The dangers of the book club system, however, seem to me to be already apparent in America, where a book choice for a single month may be sent to as many as five hundred thousand readers.

People living high-pressure tabloid lives are content to leave everything to the selectors and to have books just for the sake of having the newest thing in the house.

The Way to Kill Rubbish

I doubt if the book club business in this country can become so highly organized as to overwhelm native taste. We are a more compact civilization. I believe that our powers of concentration are greater. We can, I think, make good use of the book club idea without letting it run away with us.

Meanwhile there have been many complaints about the trash in glossy covers that abounds in shop windows.

There are, in my opinion, only two means of cutting this down. One would be by means of a censorship, which would be odious to everybody. The other remedy is in the hands of the intelligent reader.

It is the choice of the free man to seek out and enjoy the best which contemporary literature affords.

FREE SPEECH

★ *Commonwealth Postal Rates Need Changing*

★ *A Housewife Wants Corporation Laundries*

★ *How Is Children's Charity Money Spent?*

IT IS TIME BRITAIN and Australia collaborated to lower postage rates on food parcels from Australia to Britain.

Here in Australia we are told that the present high rates are fixed by the British authorities. If this is true, it seems strange that with the acute shortage of food they do not lower them. Many more people here would send parcels were it not for the exorbitant postage.

Under the present arrangement, if a parcel is 1 oz. over the 7-lb. rate of 3s. 7d., we are given the choice of either paying the 11-lb. rate—5s. 10d.—or bringing the parcel home to repack.

To those of us who, like myself, are consistent parcel senders it is hard to be charged an additional 2s. 3d. for an extra ounce or two.—M. GORDON, 103 Seventh Avenue, Maylands, Perth, Western Australia.

Wash-day Blues

Mrs. Shucksmith

WHEN I hear people talking of our wonderful social services, I often wonder why nobody has ever urged that a good cheap laundry should be included among them.

Washing day is the hardest day of the week for most housewives and laundry bills are ruinous these days. My dream for the future is an efficient public laundry, paid for out of the rates, with a daily service for nursing mothers.

I am sure it would add years to the lives of many middle-aged women like myself.—MRS. J. SHUCKSMITH, 8 Legard Avenue, Ashby, Scunthorpe, Lincs.

Orphanages Should Spend Wisely

LARRY GIBBS OF BIRMINGHAM asked in JOHN BULL (May 22) if the 5s. Family Allowance is paid for children in institutions. The answer is "no," and on principle this seems very wrong. The State should not shirk its responsibility towards these children, whose services it will claim at the age of eighteen.

However, the children would lack nothing if the money now subscribed were wisely spent.

I recently looked up the incomes of three well-known children's charities and divided them by the number of children in their care. Two of the organizations had an income of £2 12s. per week per child and the third £1 14s. per week per child, with a bank overdraft of no less than £40,000.

These figures were arrived at without counting the cost of overheads and services, but all the same it does seem that something is amiss if children cannot be properly cared for when this amount of money is subscribed. — BERNARD L. YOUNG, 5 Orchard Avenue, Gravesend, Kent.

Miracles by the Million

I READ WITH GREAT INTEREST a letter in JOHN BULL (April 24) from Mrs. D. P., Middlesex, referring to the Rhesus blood factor, and our "miracle" baby, whose blood was completely changed at birth.

May I take this opportunity of explaining that this title was bestowed upon baby Margaret by the Press. It is our opinion that each and every baby is a miracle, and parents who have their babies without undue attention and publicity are indeed fortunate.

However, if the publicity given to our case has stressed the importance of blood-giving and given hope to other parents, we shall be happy.—E. J. JONES, 1911 Michigan Avenue, Bay City, Michigan, U.S.A.

Colour Bar in Accra . . .

I WAS FILLED WITH indignation when I read Bernard Laryea's letter complaining that coloured folk were not allowed in the Y.M.C.A.'s tea rooms at Accra (JOHN BULL, May 29).

No institution calling itself Christian should act in such a flagrantly un-Christian manner, particularly so when it is itself a guest in a black man's country. It just shows how much some of us have forgotten what the founder of Christianity taught us about the brotherhood of man.

Can we wonder if some of the Africans embrace Communism and turn their backs on the so-called Christianity of the West?—F. M. ASH, "Allways," Elm Road, March, Cambs.

. . . Africans Don't Mind

YOUR ACCRA READER, Bernard Laryea, seems to have misconstrued the facts.

It must be remembered that the Africans are in their own country and do not require to use canteens provided for Europeans. I presume there are plenty of facilities in their local clubs where they can go if they wish. The average African does not frequent tea rooms; it is not his way of life. Furthermore, coloured folk are very courteous and would not wish to impose on white men. — C. F. MATHISON, 64 Chester Road, Sunderland, Co. Durham.

Do Royal Tours Help?

THE RESULT OF THE South African elections shows how little Commonwealth solidarity is increased by Royal tours. Last year's tour was undoubtedly a great personal success for the Royal Family, but it is only now that its real diplomatic value can be assessed. — D. W. ASTON, 117a Commercial Road, Swindon, Wilts.

Cold Comfort

Mrs. Keeble

MY CHILD NEEDS warm vests for winter, but I cannot buy wool to knit them with. Yet I could register with the W.V.S. and obtain good wool to knit for American children.

If I did this, but put the vests on my own child, would the authorities prosecute a desperate mother? They can have coupons and money: all I want is *decent vests*!—MRS. A. KEEBLE, 220 Shernhall Street, London, E.17.

Conscription is an Education . . .

AS A YOUNG CONSCRIPT, I disagree with Captain Liddell Hart's arguments in his article, "Conscription is a Flop" (JOHN BULL, May 29).

Though we all have petty moans, Service life is in many ways a good thing for young men. Service disciplines us to be of some use to the world, and, quite apart from the actual work, it broadens the mind by bringing together young men of all classes, occupations and creeds. It is an excellent training for life.—A.C.2, Hereford. (Full name and address enclosed.)

. . . More of a Liability

CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART is quite right when he says that conscription is a flop. Present-day training will be out of date when the new weapons of war come into general production. Furthermore, the short spell of training cannot make these young conscripts efficient fighters.

Many of us old soldiers know the impossibility of training the majority of young conscripts. Despite punishment, they will not put their hearts into their work if they don't take to it, and for this reason they become more of a liability than an asset.—E. S. DANES, 112 Kenwood Road, Birmingham, 9.

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

P.S.

on the Gorbals

Describing the squalor of Glasgow slums in his article, "The Real Gorbals Story" (JOHN BULL, May 29), Claud Morris wrote: "I have little faith in long-term plans or promises. Practical measures could be taken immediately." Here are contrasting views from Glasgow readers

CLAUD MORRIS, in his article "The Real Gorbals Story" paints a picture of conditions in Glasgow's slumland calculated to bring tears to the eyes of soft-hearted folk who do not know the type of people he writes about.

I have lived for forty years in Glasgow and *do* know them. They are born scroungers and tap every source of charity they can think of—and get away with it. This is because the people who dispense charity seem to take more pity on dirty people than they do on respectable families trying to keep a home neat and clean.

The children are downright little savages, quick to learn the effect of a flashing razor or the mark left by a cleverly swung cycle chain on the face of an opponent. Within a penny tram-ride of the Gorbals is one of the city's finest parks. Whenever Gorbals kids visit it they go in gangs and tear, mutilate and destroy everything within reach.

With regard to housing and the various slum clearance schemes, it makes my blood boil to see good, modern homes rapidly being destroyed by these parasites: windows smashed, walls defaced, and, indeed, quickly reaching the good old Gorbals standard.

I am absolutely sick, tired and disgusted at the amount of misplaced sympathy given to the infamous Gorbals. I must ask you not to use my name and address. Some of the poor respectable folk might razor my face a little.—GLASGOW CITIZEN. (Full name and address enclosed.)

★

AS A GLASWEGIAN, I am more than ashamed at the conditions which Claud Morris accurately depicted. Unfortunately the Gorbals is not the only area of Glasgow where such slums exist. Sections of Govan, Bridgeton, Anderston and Cowcaddens are equally shocking.

They are a reflection of the history of the last thirty years on Clydeside, and, though I do not wish to belittle Claud Morris's suggestions for immediate action, I can see no hope that a change of housing alone can produce a permanent cure.

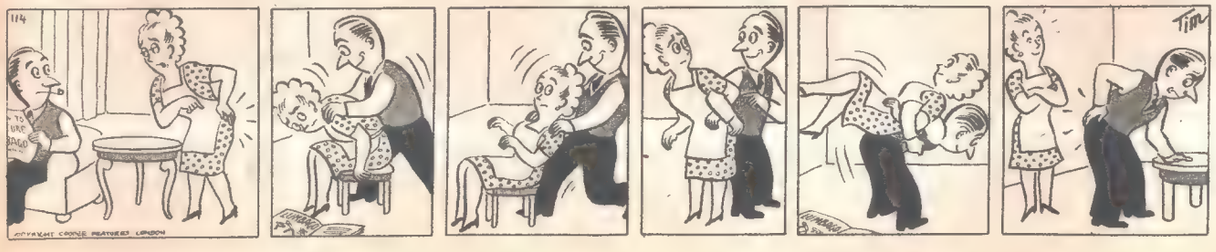
What is required is a cure for the constant threat of unemployment and depression which always hangs over the people of this great industrial area.

The filth and the vice are a direct result of fear and despair: in a word, economic insecurity. The problem is, how can depression be avoided on Clydeside? New light industries are required to be developed alongside the steel mills, heavy engineering shops and shipyards. And a new outlook must come from outside.

People are taught to believe that the inhabitants of the Gorbals and other slums are strange creatures and not the same as the rest of us. This ignorant attitude must go and a better community spirit must be built in its place. On this spirit depends the future of Gorbals, of Glasgow and of Clydeside. Without it, rehousing schemes and economic plans will fail.—D. J. ROBERTSON, Mosspark, Glasgow, S.W.2.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



BEATING BRADMAN & CO.

Agreed that the Australian batsmen are good, but why must we make them a present of runs on our billiard-table wickets? • ***by John Arlott***

THE BATTING STEAM-ROLLER of the 1948 Australians rolled across English cricket fields in the early weeks of the season with such crushing certainty that much—too much—of cricketing England stared awe-struck at its advance.

Some people, even, seemed to give up all hope of arresting its progress.

"Know your opponent" is a great rule in all sports, so we must weigh up Australia's six-man batting juggernaut—Morris, Barnes, Brown, Bradman, Miller and Hassett—for they are six quite different men and six quite different batsmen.

First comes the opening pair, Morris and Barnes. Poles apart, even in their walk to the wicket, they are yet a balanced and powerful combination in action. Morris is fair of hair and skin; Barnes dark, almost swarthy; Morris, a left-hand bat, growing gently into the innings with watchful care; Barnes, right-handed, a grim, masterful man, four-square and powerful, hitting the ball as if he hated it.

The third batsman, normally regarded as an opener, is Billy Brown. Brown is essentially a neat man; his sleeves are symmetrically rolled to the fraction of an inch below the elbow, his flannels of a correct cream and precisely creased. He is never disturbed, but is happiest when the ball is coming into the line of his body, when he will pick it off his toes and send it powerfully to mid-wicket or turn the shorter ball with smooth wrists to the boundary fine of square leg.

First wicket down—and the small boys, the camera addicts and a controlling line of policemen form a corridor through which Don Bradman passes to the wicket. Neat, almost birdlike, he walks lightly, always with the collar of his shirt turned straight up and with his green Australian cap shielding a sun-rosy face but never throwing into complete shadow those sharp eyes. He spins his bat in his hands and looks round the field.

Mental Picture of the Field

Bradman nowadays seems less tense than formerly. He plays himself in assuredly, noticing everything. Then when he has light, bowlers, fieldsmen, pitch all where he wants them—adjusted in his brain—they become "crowd extras" to his star batting rôle.

At some points in his innings he may pass figures such as fifty or one hundred, at which the spectators will cheer. He himself seems hardly to notice; runs roll off his bat—it is possible to imagine him becoming bored with the whole proceeding, he makes runs so easily. Yet there is character there. He may make runs like a machine, but he is more than a machine.

Next, Keith Miller comes out of the pavilion, giving a hasty look down to make sure that his pads are properly fastened. This causes his hair to fall down over his eyes. He adjusts the pad-strap, sweeps the long, brown hair back, grins at a friend in the pavilion and goes on his way to the wicket.

He takes guard and probably talks to the wicket-keeper at the same time. This causes his hair to fall over his eyes and he pushes it back, just replacing his hand on the bat as the bowler bowls.

Then we see a perfect athlete in action at his chosen game. Footballer, swimmer, tennis-player, airman, Miller is, by choice, first of all, a cricketer. His strokes have the power of a giant and almost always the gaiety of a happy man in his true element. But, let Australia be in difficulty, as at Bradford, and Miller is the man with his back to the wall.

Magnificent Clown!

Little Lindsay Hassett can be as comical as his whimsical expression promises. He can clown with a laugh-compelling mastery which convinces every one who sees and hears him that he would make a fortune on the stage. Yet his cricket, which can be second only to Miller's in the magnificence of its stroke-play, has more often than not in Tests been concealed under grim defence.

But no compulsion to defence can rob Hassett of his speed and daintiness of foot, the wristy power of the late-played stroke which sends the ball like a flash between the fieldsmen.

The effect of this six-man steam-roller—Barnes, Morris, Bradman, Miller, Hassett and Brown—has been the production of hundreds of runs against bowlers of almost all types.

Why have they made these huge totals? Admittedly, they are fine batsmen, but I believe an England side under the same conditions would do almost as well. I think the reasons are:

1. *There are enough of them for a single failure, or even two, not to wreck the batting.*

2. *They almost always had first innings in the freak good weather of May.*

3. *In the early part of their tour, they met mainly the weaker English bowling sides.*

4. *They have batted on wickets constructed solely to enable batsmen to make huge scores.*

The fourth reason, the wicket, is the most important and the most easily remediable. If you doubt this, look at the match against Yorkshire at Bradford, when the Australians played on a rain-damaged wicket and did *not* bat first. Then sixteen of their wickets fell for an average of ten runs a wicket. Now, that Bradford wicket *was not a sticky wicket*—it was helpful to spin bowling, but many county matches in a season are played on such wickets.

In that match the Australians were revealed as a good batting side with typical Australian fighting powers—no more.

Why are these viciously unfair batsmen's wickets constructed? Because, between the two wars, all but the richest of the English county clubs only avoided bankruptcy and extinction by virtue of the revenue of the Australian tours. For the visit of Bradman's team they want wickets upon which they can almost *guarantee* three days of play and three days' gate-money. Their only hope of such a guarantee is to deny the bowlers any natural aids.

Of course, the Australians—or any other very strong batting side—can score at one hundred runs an hour when, whatever the bowler does, his deliveries come off the wicket slowly and straight. Neither spin, cut, swing nor pace finds the slightest response on such wickets.

Give Bowlers a Chance

Surely cricket wants games like that at Bradford where both batsmen and bowlers have a chance—and the result is a *fight* and runs must be *earned*.

Several bowlers, two of them Test players, have told me this season that wickets are more heart-breaking than ever and that they contemplate concentrating on their batting rather than tear their hearts out under such unfair conditions for bowlers.

The Test matches have been allocated five days each. A wicket prepared to last for five days must be an unfair one. These wickets are called "perfect," and they are perfect—for the batsmen. They are built for the breaking of gate-money and batting records and they have passed the bounds of reason.

Not only do they give a colossal psychological advantage to the side winning the toss but they could kill English cricket.

Our bowling these days is suffering from the loss of the war years. Our experienced bowlers are over-long in the tooth; our younger bowlers lack experience and many are brought into county cricket before they are ready for it.

And what young man who is keen on cricket will see any advantage in spinning his fingers off to bowl a straight ball on one of these unresponsive slabs called a wicket, or hurling down a fast ball which stops long enough on pitching for the batsman to read the trade mark and then comes up in an easy arc to be murdered?

The cry is, "We have no bowlers"—and no wonder, since we load the dice against them. We can bowl out the Australians if we give our bowlers a fair chance. But, if we make wickets for the Australians to butcher our bowling on, can we complain if they accept the invitation?

The Australian batting is a steam-roller just as long as those who prepare our wickets want it to be one—and no longer.

Neat, sharp-eyed Bradman snicks one through the Surrey slips

THE HUMAN MACHINE

When To Act

A BUSINESS friend of mine always declares that the essence of successful action is correct timing.

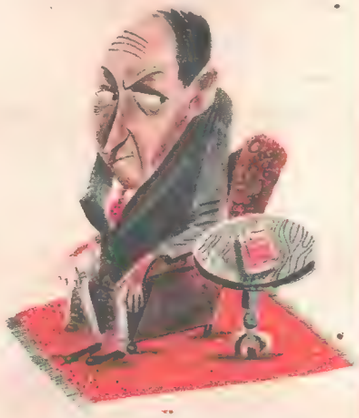
"There is always a moment," he says, "that is better than any other to put through a plan that has matured, a request that has to be made or a deal that has to be negotiated. The whole secret of effective dealing with other people is the ability to sense that moment."

What does this involve? Besides knowing the moods and reactions of the man you're dealing with, you must understand his problems and difficulties. And you yourself must develop patience, restraint, clarity of thought, reasonableness in discussion.

Finally, you must have the pluck to take chances. For when all the factors have been weighed and your conclusion reached, you still have to be decisive and *act*.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

WITH MY FEET UP



Smoke in Your Eyes

I GAVE UP SMOKING exactly six months ago. Really I did. But whether this is a boast or a lament, I'm not sure.

Naturally, having succeeded in giving it up for so long, I consider myself something of an expert on the subject. If you want to know about giving up smoking, ask me.

There are two ways of tackling the problem. Some people say that if you continue to carry cigarettes with you they give you a sort of confidence, and you feel you can avoid smoking them. Others say that carrying cigarettes is asking for trouble, and it is much better to discard them altogether. Personally I found the safest course was not to get within fifty yards of a cigarette.

After twenty-four hours or so of deprivation you begin to feel a certain superiority. It's easy, you tell yourself, you've got over the worst. But wait!

* * *

It is somewhere about the third or fourth day that things really begin to happen. You get all the symptoms that you have been told come from smoking too much.

You wake up in the morning with a thick head and a terrible taste in your mouth. You develop a non-smoker's cough. You feel you haven't long to live, so you might as well break your good resolutions and smoke yourself to death. At least you would enjoy life while it lasted.

You get so irritable that life is a misery for everyone near you. At breakfast you find the tea is cold, so you hack your wife to bits with the bread knife. At the office, the typist drops her notebook, so you brain her with the typewriter and kick her desk to pieces.

"But surely you gain *something* from giving up smoking?" you ask. The answer is: yes, and again no. for instance, in money you save about a pound a week. But you still don't seem to have any more money. So you might as well go on happily smoking.

You feel healthier? Let's face it—you feel just as lousy as you always did. Very often lousier, in fact.

The only pleasurable gains I feel since giving up smoking are (1) a sort of smug satisfaction when meeting people who have run out of cigarettes and can't buy any anywhere, and (2) a somewhat heartwarming desire to make very rude noises at tobacconists.

by Ian Fox

ALL SHIPSHAPE AND RURAL

There's no hunting for digs or rigidly timed meals on a caravan holiday. Whether cruising or "at anchor" the rule is "Go-as-you-please" • *by JOHN MAY*

THERE ARE TWO WAYS of taking a caravan holiday. One is to buy a caravan, hitch it to your car, and tow it round the country until you find a spot that pleases your eye. But that way costs money. Even modest caravans come at £500 apiece. And then there is the car. . . .

The other way is to hire a caravan already on a country site and simply move into it for the duration of the holiday.

The caravan is snug and comfortable, rain or shine. You go to bed when you like and get up when you like. You take your meals how and when you please. Nature is a near but never intrusive neighbour. And it doesn't matter too much if the children *do* kick up a row.

That is the way the Morrells are choosing, for the third year running. Ted and Maisie both have jobs; he as head of the welding section in a firm that makes handbag frames, she as manageress of a factory canteen. They have two children, Rita and Barbara, aged ten and eight.

The Morrells' favourite site is at Byways on the Boxhill Road at Tadworth. The Pilgrim's Way runs nearby. Surrey's rolling countryside, seven hundred feet up, has a parklike beauty decorated with copses of silver birch. On clear days you can catch the shine of the Thames at Walton and, through the Shoreham gap, the distant sea.

The site is a sloping grass plot of about four acres. A couple of dozen caravans are set well back at the sides, so that the central space looks like a village green. There is a central standard water tap. Tucked away in one corner is lavatory accommodation. Hawthorn bushes and a few trees preserve the rural atmosphere.

Some local councils disapprove of caravanning. They have been disturbed by the unsightliness of ramshackle huts and old bus bodies which makeshift weekenders have dumped in some places.

Coast Ruined by Shacks

The Caravan Club agrees. "There are abominable shack colonies," officials say, "at places on the south coast, in the Thames Valley and on the coasts of Yorkshire, Lincolnshire and Essex. In North Wales almost the whole stretch from the Dee to Llandudno has been ruined. We have for years been demanding stricter control to stop the damage."

But the club fights equally strongly for the rights of the genuine caravanner. It has its own standard recommendations for sites, and a code of good behaviour to which, happily, most caravanners conform. It holds rallies and supplies its members with a directory of several thousand sites in England and Wales.

Trailer caravans nowadays are better

Step out of doors and you're in the country : caravan camp, Northamptonshire

equipped than many farm workers' cottages. I sat in one and talked with Dorothy Wright and her brother, Jim, who run the Byways site. At one end of the van were a pair of single settee beds, with a small chest of drawers between them against the wall.

When the folding table is put up, this part of the van becomes the dining-room, and the beds are used as seats. The door of the fitted wardrobe at the foot of one bed opens right across the caravan interior to make an absolutely private bedroom.

Crossways at the other end of the van was a double bed, folded into a settee for the daytime.

In one locker was a washstand and in another a complete cooker, using gas from a metal cylinder.

There was gas lighting, and lockers everywhere to hold clothes, crockery, saucepans, cutlery and food. It was all neatly streamlined and secured, so that nothing could rattle if the caravan took to the road. The tradespeople call regularly.

The Morrells' daily programme usually includes a walk down into Dorking for some shopping and then a swim in the pool at Upper Farm to cool off after the climb back. After lunch they sunbathe, or maybe have a nap.

A walk through the woods after tea takes in a drink at the local inn. Then the day ends with making up the beds and eating supper on the caravan steps in the evening silence.

Sometimes they take a motor coach trip to Bognor. Other caravanners play tennis, attend local dances, wander over Headley Heath, play golf at Walton-on-the-Hill, or go fishing in the River Mole.

What It Will Cost

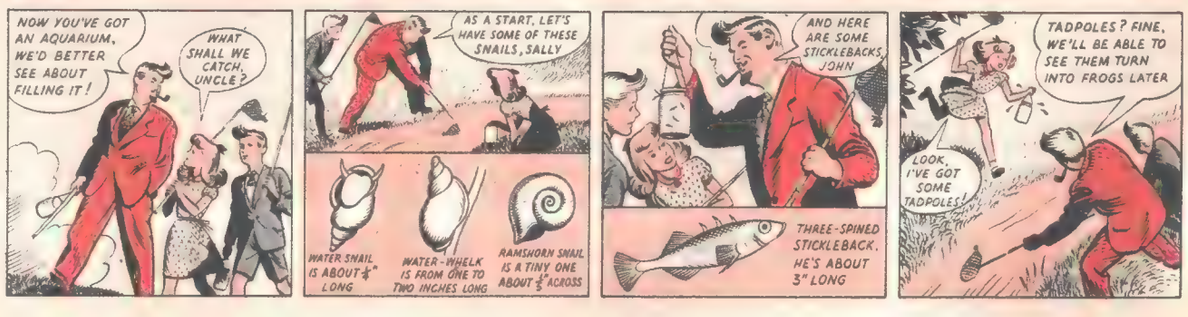
Many motorists will use their six months' petrol ration this summer to hire a caravan on tow-away terms. The van will cost £6 or £7 a week, and the camping fee for a site near the coast will be fifteen to twenty shillings a week, or three shillings for an overnight stay.

The Morrells will be paying from four to six guineas a week for their static, four-berth van. The price varies with the season, and includes gas, water and all equipment except food and household linen.

For thirty bob a week per head they will have hired a holiday home as appropriate and picturesque in a country landscape as a yacht in coastal waters.

UNCLE ANDY

Small-game Hunting!


NOW YOU'VE GOT AN AQUARIUM, WE'D BETTER SEE ABOUT FILLING IT!
WHAT SHALL WE CATCH, UNCLE?
AS A START, LET'S HAVE SOME OF THESE SNAILS, SALLY
WATER SNAIL IS ABOUT ¼" LONG
WATER-WHELK IS FROM ONE TO TWO INCHES LONG
RAMSHORN SNAIL IS A TINY ONE ABOUT ⅛" ACROSS
AND HERE ARE SOME STICKLEBACKS, JOHN
THREE-SPINED STICKLEBACK. HE'S ABOUT 3" LONG
TADPOLES? FINE, WE'LL BE ABLE TO SEE THEM TURN INTO FROGS LATER
LOOK, I'VE GOT SOME TADPOLES!

THE VENUS OF BAINVILLE

by Alan Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY BAILEY

Gaston struck a blow for a thousand hungry artists and the freedom of Art. But the Chairman of the Arts Committee didn't like Art. He preferred a Venus who could cook

THE WAR HAS NOT touched Bainville-le-Billy. All along the Bay of Calvados you can still see the remains of Hitler's West Wall, and the way from Caen to Lisieux is a sad trail of ruins. But Bainville escaped intact, and there I found the only traces of the Normandy I used to know.

The name Bainville means simply "Bath-town." It seems that Julius Caesar, weary with the effort of dividing Gaul into three parts and throwing some uncommonly heavy bridges across the Rhine, went into winter quarters here. Not having had time to wash very much during the last few years, he sensibly built palatial baths for his officers, and reasonably comfortable ones for his men.

Today the Roman baths are no more than a few piles of stones swarming with archaeologists, and a muddy pool where the locals fish patiently all day long, catching nothing. But due to these historical associations, Bainville enjoys a reputation for culture, dignity and provincial exclusiveness.

Since the war, moreover, Bainville has achieved international fame as a centre of the fine arts; and this fame is the sole unaided work of a young man named Gaston Suarez, a young woman named Annette Latouche, and a somewhat older woman called Venus. Venus was made of marble, and tragically dismembered; yet she was pronounced, by Monsieur the Minister of Fine Arts himself, to be more beautiful than the Venus de Milo in the Louvre and the Venus Bathing in the Vatican.

IT all began with a ploughman, one Socrate Pougnon. He was peacefully driving his team over the war-torn fields one morning in 1945, galvanizing the horses at the turn of each furrow by such cries as *"Dépêche-toi, Friquette!"* and *"Courage, Papillon!"* He had no thought in the world beyond the National Lottery and the reflection that, so long as there were turnips, France, though victorious, could not perish.

Suddenly the ploughshare clanged, squealed and stopped. Friquette and Papillon reared up, blowing clouds of steamy annoyance from their nostrils.

Socrate shouted, "Calm yourselves, my infants," and bent to inspect the damage. Without doubt, there were boulders in the clay, but none so big as this.

Socrate grunted and tugged at the rock. It was smooth, shapely and of marble. He gasped when he saw that it was beautifully modelled in the likeness of a woman's torso. She had no head and only one arm, and her legs were broken off just below the thigh; but Socrate was well content with what he saw.

"Well," he said to himself. "Regard me that, now!"

Panting with exertion, he lifted the mud-caked statue, clasping it to his breast, and laid it carefully on the bank of a hedgerow.

He took Friquette and Papillon to the end of the furrow and let them crop grass for a few minutes while he took a long draught of wine from his flask and pondered. Then he went back to the place where the plough had stopped and raked the soil with a stick.

As he expected, he found some more pieces: the head, of a grace to ravish a man, although the nose was chipped away; an arm and a leg from which the big toe was missing.

Socrate assembled the fragments with the torso and stood back to admire his work. The girl was stooping slightly, caught by the sculptor in an attitude of fresh unselfconsciousness, as if stepping into a bath.

Socrate's first thought was: "She's a fine creature—just the type to console a ploughman's solitude, *et comment!*"

His second thought was: "Wonder how much I could get for her?"

Findings were keepings. He would carry the fragments back to his cottage and hide them until he had decided what to do with them. Ah, but they were heavy: he'd have to carry them piecemeal. He embraced the torso and began struggling along the hedgerow towards the lane.

"Hey, there! Socrate!"

A young man stood at the corner of the field. He had long unruly black hair and he needed a shave. Socrate recognized him as Gaston Suarez, a sculptor who had a studio in the neighbouring village of St. Rodolphe-les-Eaux. He was frowned on by all respectable citizens, for it was widely believed that the girl who lived with him was not his wife. To have a mistress as well as a wife was understandable; but to have a mistress alone was a situation which, in Bainville parlance, "needed regularizing."

"*Salut*," Socrate said awkwardly.

"What have you got there? Let me look."

"It's mine. I found it," Socrate muttered. "I thought I'd get a few francs for the marble. M. Delajoie, the undertaker, could make a couple of stylish tombstones out of it. Still, it's in your line, too, M. Suarez. If you'd care to make me an offer——"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" Gaston scolded him. "Have you no respect for art?"

"No," said Socrate truthfully.

"It might be very old," Gaston pursued. "Worth thousands of francs, perhaps."

"You think so?" Socrate's suspicion melted into interest. "Not really, Monsieur Gaston?"

"We must show it to M. Lachaise," said Gaston briskly. "Come, I'll lend you a hand——"

M. Lachaise was a prominent personality in the local government of Bainville-le-Billy. He was also chairman of the Bainville and St. Rodolphe Committee of Arts and Antiquities, and local representative of the National Commission for the Embellishment of French Cities. As befitted the owner of two large glove-making factories, he was a deputy on the district council, and was likely to run for mayor one of these days.

It was M. Lachaise who decided what monuments were to be set up in the squares and parks of Bainville. He was regarded as the final authority on all artistic matters.

M. LACHAISE was lunching in the Rôtisserie des Deux Cocus when Gaston and Socrate found him. They staggered among the tables on the pavement and laid the marble torso at his feet.

"Name of God," said M. Lachaise angrily. "What species of dirty object is that?"

"Socrate found it," Gaston said quickly. "It looks very old to me. See the corrosion here, and here. The *tout-ensemble* is of considerable beauty. *Voilà!*" He flung his arm about the torso, holding the head in position with

Continued on page 10

"I'm afraid it won't do," said the professor mildly. "The lady is clothed. Venus is not"

and her head was hanging to one side as though she wanted to rest it on something but could find no support. She looked horrible. Mary remembered that. Horrible. Like dead things in a butcher's shop. And she kept repeating the same words, or so it seemed to Mary.

"Oh, you've done it," she said. "I knew you meant to. You've done it. You've done it."

The rest was in daylight. Hours, days afterwards—she did not know. But the man was smiling, again and again that sharp smile, and her mother was there. And afterwards there was home, she thought, the nursery, her mother—but they had nothing to do with the man in the room.

During their drive back to London, Brian was in high spirits.

"Darling, you were wonderful with father. He fell for you."

BRIAN dropped her at her mother's house and she did not ask him in. They arranged to meet next day, and she hurried upstairs. She could scarcely wait to find her mother, to put the questions she had to put. Thank heavens her father was not home yet. Her mother was alone—sitting in her bedroom.

"Darling," said Mary at once, "I want to ask you about something."

She saw her little mother, her frail miniature mother, look up sharply.

"Yes, dear?"

"Have we ever been to St. Leonards?"

"Why do you ask?"

Mary was aware of something tense in her mother's manner. Her fingers had ceased to work at the knitting she had in her hands and she was looking up at Mary.

"I seemed to recognize the place. As though I'd been there before. I don't remember our ever having been to St. Leonards. . . ."

"We haven't, dear."

Mary watched her mother. She knew that something was being withheld from her, but what could she say? She couldn't say—"Are you sure?" or "You must be mistaken." Whatever else her mother was, she was not mistaken. She was not telling the truth. Or telling a half truth.

"Funny," Mary said casually. "I felt certain I had seen it all."

"That's not an unusual sensation, dear. I often have it."

"But this wasn't *that* sensation. I *had* seen it. It was all quite clear."

Her mother said nothing for a while. The knitting needles started their mechanical movements again.

"The very house," said Mary.

"What house?"

"A Victorian house. Overlooking the sea."

There was another silence. And when her mother began to speak it was with a detachment which Mary knew was forced.

"We did send you down there once when you were very small," she said. "But I don't think you could remember that."

Mary looked at herself in the mirror. She patted her hair. She knew that she must remain as casual in manner as her mother, or she would never learn the truth.

"I do, you know," she said. "Lots of it. A man and a woman. . . ."

"Mary!" Her mother's voice was sharp. "What do you mean?"

"Yes, dear. A man and woman. A house overlooking the sea."

"Who has been telling you about this?"

Mary laughed. "No one, silly. I *remember* it."

"You've never told me before."

"Well, in a sense I only remembered it today. That is, I've had a sort of dream about it. Always. But today I saw the very house."

"You were very small. Less than three years old. The doctor said you needed sea air, and I was ill myself. I couldn't take you away. It was the time of the influenza epidemic."

"Go on, dear."

"There's nothing really to tell you. Some people we knew, the Staffords, said they knew a middle-aged couple at St. Leonards who would like to have you for a fortnight. Mrs. Stafford took you down herself. I *couldn't* go."

Mary caught the tone of distress.

"Well, dear?"

"Nothing, really. Only they weren't very *nice* people, as we found out afterwards. The woman died while you were there, and I had to get up from a sickbed to go and fetch you."

"In what way 'not very nice'?"

"Oh, I didn't like the man, dear. Or the house. I was glad to get away."

"I remember the room," said Mary. "And the man. I can see him now."

"Can you, dear? You have a very good memory. And now it's nearly seven o'clock. Your father. . . ."

"Mother, there's something you're not telling me."

"Really, Mary. I wish you would not be so insistent, dear. There's really nothing more."

"There is, mother darling. You know there is. What was the cause of her death—the woman's, I mean?"

"I don't know. There was some talk, I believe. The doctor said it was heart failure, or something quite ordinary. There's your father, dear. Now run along and forget all that nasty story. You should have forgotten it years ago."

But why "nasty," thought Mary. If it had all been quite ordinary, a poor woman dying at a moment inconvenient to her mother, why "nasty"? And—it was here that her mind stumbled—what had happened to the man in the room? Had he moved away? Gone abroad? Or . . . stayed on in the house?

TWISTING it in her mind as she lay awake that night, she thought again and again of the two faces—that of Brian's father, and that of the man in the room. How was she to know? She had felt no recognition when Brian had brought him in. None at all. But then she had not recognized the room at first—until she had seen those two ugly stone faces under the mantelpiece. And if they were the same . . . if Brian's father. . . . It would be easy enough to find out. A few more questions to her mother. Or she could ask Brian how long his father had lived there. Yes, but why hadn't she asked him yesterday? Was she afraid to know? If Brian said in his offhand way, "Oh, for ever. I was born there. My mother died there," what in heaven's name could she do? As she drifted into sleep she saw again the sudden inhuman smile and the yellow teeth.

She waited until her father had left the house next morning, then sat down at the breakfast table beside her mother. She was resolute now. She was determined to know the whole truth. But her mother had grown more determined, too. Perhaps she had talked it over with her husband. Perhaps she had had time to think.

"Mother, I've *got* to know about this. . . ."

"Darling, if you're talking about that horrid business I must ask you not to question me any more. It was all a long time ago and I don't want you to think about it."

"But, Mother, there's a reason. I *must* know. What happened to that man?"

Her mother looked up. Mary could see that she was in great distress.

"I don't know," her mother said.

"Did he stay on in that house?"

"Yes. I think so. For a time. I don't know. Mary, dear. . . ."

"Is he still there?"

"Mary, that's enough. How should I know about a lodging-house keeper with whom you stayed for a week nearly twenty years ago? How *should* I?"

"But you do." She was relentless. She saw that her mother was going to cry. "You do know, and you must tell me."

"Mary. . . ."

"You must *tell* me."

Her mother was near tears.

"I don't know why you press me to tell you. It's all so *beastly*. He . . . it all came out later. One of those vile . . . those horrible stories."

"What all came out afterwards?"

"He . . . murdered another wife," said Mary's mother.

"*Another* wife?"

"Four altogether, dear. That they knew about, that is. He . . . he used to insure their lives. It was one of those dreadful cases. But they found out at last. The one . . . the one after yours, dear. And he was hanged, of course. We hoped that nothing had remained in your mind of all that. He must . . . he must have killed the poor woman while you were actually in the house.

"It was too frightful. We blamed the Staffords. But they had no idea. She had been a good sort of woman before she was . . . ill. And he, well, he must have had something about him. To have married all those times. I should never have let you go to strangers, Mary! You're *laughing*!"

"I'm sorry, dear. I know it's nothing to laugh at. But, you see, it's rather a relief to me. I'm going to marry Brian *very* soon."

"Really, Mary. You are an unaccountable girl. I tell you this hideous story about a man murdering four wives, and you laugh, and say you're going to marry Brian very soon. It sounds so . . . so heartless, dear."

"Does it? I'm sorry. But you said it was a long time ago and best forgotten, didn't you? I can forget it now."

Island Story

A FRIEND OF MINE was discussing the rising generation with a fellow passenger in an Edinburgh tram, when the conductress chipped in. "Kids nowadays?" she said tartly. "They're full of orange juice, bananas and damned impudence!"—*James F. Roy, York Place, Newburgh, Fife.*

★

LECTURING THE CLASS on Joseph and his coat of many colours, a Sunday-school teacher friend of mine asked: "Can anyone tell me who put Joseph in the pit?" There was a pause. Then one of the class said hesitantly, "Mr. Bevin?"—*Michael Cook, 21 Deemount Gardens, Aberdeen.*

★

MY YOUNG DAUGHTER, aged six, who has just returned to England after spending most of her young life in India and Canada, has great difficulty in understanding English currency.

"What kind of money do we have in India?" I asked.

"Rupees and annas."

"And in Canada?"

"Dollars and cents."

"Correct. Now what do we use in England?"

"Shillings and coupons," came the prompt reply.—*J. Greenwood, Yellow Cottage, Chartridge Lane, Bucks.*

★

WEIGHING POTATOES on the scales, the greengrocer included a heavy stone. His customer promptly objected. "Listen, missus," he told her. "I bought this stone with my potatoes, didn't I?

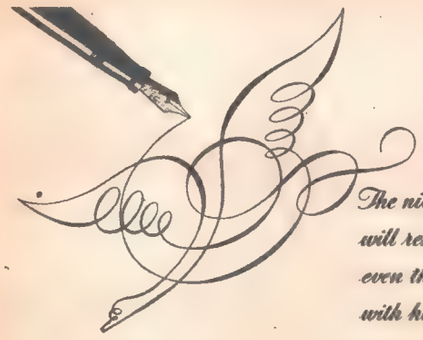
"Well, you've got to take the rough with the smooth the same as me. That stone goes into your shopping bag or you get no spuds. See?"—*Mrs. L. Turvey, Pine View, Hale Crescent, Heath End, Farnham, Surrey.*

★

TWO IMPORTANT Coal Board officials were being escorted round the pit-head, when, in a secluded corner, they paused to watch a labourer who was reading a newspaper.

The chargehand escorting them was soon at the idler's side. "Mr. ——'s and Mr. ——'s compliments," he told him, "and would you kindly pick the winner quickly and get back to your work?"—*Danny Roderick, 14 Bryn Road, Penygroes, Llanelly.*

Readers' personal experiences reflecting the times we live in win one guinea on publication. Mark entries "Island Story." Postcards only, please



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"The things we can talk about if you will only come to dinner! The Australians, for instance. I must admit that I have a leaning to them, being such a young side and having, all the time they are batting or holding out their hands for a catch, to remember the 67 rules . . ."

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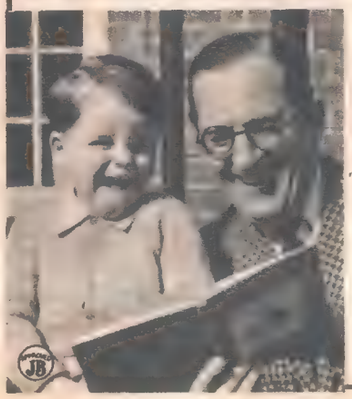

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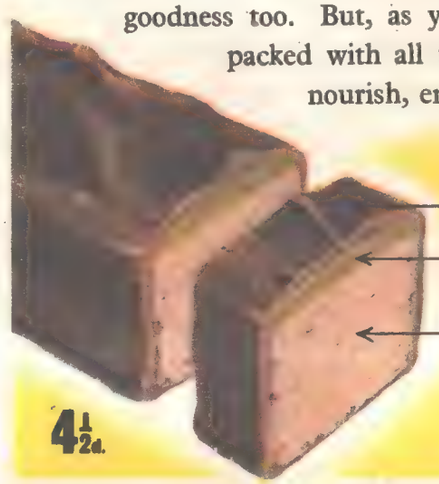
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4½d.

THE VENUS OF BAINVILLE: from page 10

anyway? Where's the profit in it?"

"Profit!" sneered Gaston. "That's all you think of, *Monsieur le Député*!" He threw back his head proudly. "I did it to show the world what fools you all are! What hypocrites and snobs the so-called experts are! To strike a blow for the freedom of art, which goes unrecognized in its own lifetime. To avenge thousands of hungry artists like myself, who are kept down by ignorant bumpkins like you."

M. Lachaise was now at boiling point. "You young scoundrel!" he screeched. "If this is true, you'll suffer for it. Nobody can make a fool of me in this town." He swallowed hard in an effort at self-control. "But I don't believe you yet. Your evidence is uncorroborated."

"That is not true," Gaston snapped. "Ask Annette Latouche. She posed for the statue."

"Unfortunately she is not present. The matter will be further investigated. The meeting is adjourned."

M. Lachaise would have preferred to leave things as they were; but already people were talking. Articles appeared in the Paris newspapers. M. Lachaise decided regretfully to call in higher authority. Once again M. Berthollet, of the Ministry of Fine Arts, and Professor Coquelicot came to Bainville and went into conference with M. Lachaise and his colleagues. This time Annette appeared as witness instead of Gaston.

Professor Coquelicot was not at all put out by the doubts which had been cast upon his judgment.

"There's only one way to find out," he said smoothly. "We must—er—compare the statue with the model."

"If Mademoiselle will have the goodness to stand beside the Venus in precisely the same attitude," M. Lachaise said.

"I'm afraid that won't do," Professor Coquelicot smiled.

"Why not?"

"Mlle Latouche is fully clothed. The Venus is not."

THE meeting was electrified into attention. M. Lachaise gasped. "You are suggesting that she should pose beside the Venus—h'm—in the nude?"

"It's unavoidable," said the Professor mildly. "We must approach the matter in a scientific spirit, gentlemen."

Sensation was expressed by tense silence. M. Lachaise took a deep breath. He turned to Annette: "Mademoiselle, you would be willing to—to assist us in this matter?"

"Why not?" she shrugged. "It's my profession. May I have a screen, please?"

Quite unconcerned, she disappeared behind the screen and undressed. The committee held its breath as she reappeared and posed beside the Venus.

"The statue is certainly of incomparable beauty," said M. Pradier the lacemaker.

"The proportions seem to me identical," said M. Frémont the baker.

Professor Coquelicot nodded dreamily. "Beautiful," he murmured. "What workmanship, what symmetry!"

M. Lachaise felt strangely disturbed. An unfamiliar emotion welled up inside him. A sudden hatred of all the other men in the room seized him. Why should they sit gaping at Mlle Latouche like this? What right had they? Wasn't she *his* discovery, not theirs?

He turned irritably to Professor Coquelicot. "Well? Is she or is she not the original model of the Venus?"

"She is," sighed the professor. The rest of the meeting nodded agreement.

"*Assez*," snapped M. Lachaise. "Surely you could have made up your minds a little quicker, gentlemen? Mademoiselle Latouche must be feeling

Continued on next page

AS I WAS SAYING . . . by HERBERT HODGE

IT'S HERE, SO MAKE IT WORK

Should a chap in greasy overalls drift into the argument with a practical point, he'd probably be set upon and chucked out

LIKE MOST OF US, I've been doing a lot of thinking about nationalisation lately. With all the strong propaganda, both for and against, which has been going on ever since the present Government took office, it is difficult to keep one's mind clear on the subject.

It's much easier to swallow the propaganda of one side or the other than to sit down and calmly try to think it out.

But no matter which political side a man generally supports in the argument, it seems to me the only way he can hope to keep his mind clear on the subject—the only way he can hope to have any *useful* ideas about it—is to put aside all the party stuff and sit down and say to himself: "What would *I* do if I had control?"

Looking through my old JOHN BULLS to refresh my memory on what I thought and said about nationalisation two and three years ago, I can't help feeling saddened to see how much of what I feared then has since come true.

For instance, my two chief fears about coal were, firstly, that there would be too much of the old officialdom and "bumf" at the top; and, secondly, that down at the bottom there would be so little apparent change in working conditions that many miners would continue to feel as bitter towards the new bosses as they did towards the old ones. And, I feel, events have justified both fears.

Not that I know, or knew then, a great deal about mining. I was simply judging from what I know of human behaviour. I've got similar fears about transport—a business which I do know something about. As for steel—well, what applies to one, it seems to me, applies to all.

No Fancy Carrot; No Big Stick

It isn't so much a series of technical problems, differing from industry to industry, that we're up against. It's one basic problem, applying to human nature as a whole. It's the old problem of how to get men to work with a will, and as a team, when you've got no fancy carrot to dangle in front of their noses and no big stick to flourish over their backs.

One of our troubles, of course, is that even the word "nationalisation" means different things to different people. Some Socialists in the past have talked about it as if it were the Great Rock-Candy Mountains, the hobo's paradise, where everything you fancy grows on trees. That's my idea of paradise, too; but not my idea of nationalisation.

To the anti-Socialist, nationalisation appears to be a new and special kind of hell, staffed by Civil Service gremlins whose job in life is to frustrate every effort of every mortal man to produce anything at all—except, of course, "Red Ruin."

To me, nationalisation simply means putting an industry under the guardianship of the community (as represented by the Government) instead of leaving it entirely in the hands of private individuals (who *may* be tempted to run the industry in a way that is injurious to the community). As I see it, nationalisation is simply a method of preventing a few private individuals from wielding unlimited power through their money-bags.

Brake on the Barons

There's nothing new in that. The old medieval kings had to curb the power of the great land-grabbing barons for much the same reasons as Parliament has to curb the power of the great industrial barons today.

Political creeds have very little to do with the matter. All modern governments, whatever their political labels, have to do *something* to curb the power of their big barons. Even the American "Capitalist" and "Free enterprise" government has had to pass "anti-trust" laws to curb the power of its oil, steel and automobile barons (who now employ, of course, the cleverest lawyers in the country to find a way round those laws).

In Britain, the majority of us (if only a bare majority) have realized that such anti-trust laws are not enough. The Big Business barons usually manage to find a way round them.

So we voted to nationalise our basic industries. And the question before us now, whatever our political beliefs, is *not* whether we ought to have nationalised coal, transport and the rest. We've done it.

The question before us now is how to get the best possible results from these nationalised industries. And it's at this point that our differing political and personal beliefs, or lack of beliefs, start involving us in trouble.

It isn't only that the various political parties disagree violently about it, or that even members of the same party disagree about it.

The fact is that even inside a single individual there's often a seeming disagreement going on between the ends and the means—between one's political (or religious) principles and one's daily working practice.

Suppose for the sake of argument that I call myself a Christian Socialist—only suppose it; I can lay no claim to the title—and suppose again that I'm working in the motor car industry. Can I build a motor car on the principles of Jesus?

I'm not suggesting there's any certain answer to that—yet. Though many an earnest Christian will immediately cry "Yes."

Equally earnest agnostics will ask what possible connection there can be between an ancient myth and a modern machine.

And, possibly, a chap in greasy overalls will come drifting into the argument to ask whether any of the disputants knows the difference between a crown-wheel and a crankshaft. But he, of course, will be immediately set upon by all parties and chucked out. Such things as crown-wheels and crankshafts, they'll tell you, are mere mechanical details. It's the *principle* that matters.

Leave Out the Politics

There, it seems to me, is our nationalisation problem in a nutshell. If we want that motor car, we've somehow got to get the believers, the unbelievers and the chap in the overalls (who does know about crown-wheels and crankshafts) all working together on the job.

And how do we do that? I don't think the problem is overwhelmingly difficult—if only we can bring ourselves to see it as a plain job of work, and not as a political battle.

The battle's won. For better or worse we've captured the baron's castle. Our task now is to find the best way of turning it into an efficient co-operative factory—and never mind what party we voted for at the last election or our political prejudices.

CITIZENS of TOMORROW!

DOUBLE congratulations to the latest woman reader to head the *Bullets* prize-list. Congratulations on her healthy young family of seven. Congratulations, too, on turning a thought about her children's future into this striking effort: CITIZEN OF TOMORROW—HONOUR WITH *Four* "FREEDOMS"!

There you have the success story of Mrs. F. L. Burdett, 1 Westover Road, Birmingham, part of whose £250 cheque will go to pay for a summer holiday. Although a busy mother, she managed to find time for a weekly half-hour for *Bullets*—and so can you.

Start this week by making good use of your coupon below. And notice that *this* week's chief cheques are each accompanied by a *free* Seaside Holiday for two!

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FIRST PRIZE, £250: R. P. Taylor, 31 St. Bedes, East Boldon, Co. Durham: WINE OF SUCCESS MALAN'S—BUT TOAST, "SMUTS!"

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THIRD PRIZE, £15: L. Hall, 17 Fitzwilliam Street, Mablethorpe: NOT ONE TO PUSH — WHITTLE—JET'S DOING THAT!

OTHER AWARDS: £10: Mrs. A. V. Ray, 122 Pullan Avenue, Bradford: DOOR TO PEACE—OPEN IN *Kin's* NAME!

★ ***Coming for "Bullets" next week—TRIPLE Swiss Holiday Offer with prizes value over £1,000!***

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20 Prizes of £1 10s.; 20 of £1 1s. and 1,000 "Good Shots" have also been posted. 10 chief cheques accompanied by Picnic Basket as announced.

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1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated July 17, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

CHEQUES AND HOLIDAYS WON—XWORD 583

Seaside holidays as well as cheques are now waiting for Crossword entrants; why shouldn't *you* be the next to follow this week's winners of a big cheque and a Seaside Week for two?

THREE £100 SHARERS: Mrs. E. Barnwell, 7 Cambridge Street, Wolverton, Bucks; F. L. Constable, Oak Farm, Wortham Road, Diss, Norfolk; G. Johnson, The Bungalow, Brigg Lane, Drax, Nr. Selby. Winners also receive Week's Seaside Holiday for Two.

Awards value £25 for Runners-up shared between 25 entrants.

WINNING WORDS. Across: 1, Care. 3, Wild. 5, Batting. 8, The. 9, Pinny. 12, Rich. 13, Trios. 14, Gat. DOWN: 2, Ranters. 3, Wife. 4, Bay. 6, City. 7, Punning. 10, Ages. 11, Lit.

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THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

If you prefer to send extra sets of Answers on plain paper, you may do so, but form below saves you the time, trouble and paper involved.

Across Clues — XWORD 587

1. Do your best to cover this
3. It's not easy to get something out of such a man
5. Stubborn, forcing batsmen sometimes subdue these of really good bowlers
8. Strait-laced people will frown on
10. The original one often appears to be lost sight of in further developments
14. Most newly-built houses are apt to do this
15. Shade of these can make most delightful patterns

Down Clues

2. Shortness and sharpness makes help of one more valuable
4. The earliest crocuses are more likely to be
6. Up to every conceivable kind of dodge
7. Deaf people miss something of such beauty
9. Average man wouldn't want to do this often
11. Are generally out longer as the days grow warmer
12. There are many other countries with designs on this
13. Should to some extent be flexible

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make *Bullet* as usual.

Wise Nation	Like Grandma
End Of The Battle	To The Landlady
Thanks To America	Hornets' Nest
To Be Prosperous	Made A Splash
In The Communist	Village Bradman
Clothes [Camp	Day By The Sea
At The Factory	Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions
Where To Go To	When You're.....
The Old Home	Judging By The.....
Fresh Fields	..... Reward
Rich And Rare	Would Take A.....
Leading Light	Tickled.....
Mr. Stick-in-the-mud	Supposed To Be.....
Pampered	

GET YOUR GUIDE

To secure the *Bullets* and Crosswords help in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated July 10, enclose label below with your *Bullets* or Crossword entry this week.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,635 (or Xword 587) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope, covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee.

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated July 10 containing GRAND SWISS HOLIDAY OFFER

448

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

Extra efforts may be entered on plain paper—see Bonus Offer.

Closing Postmark, **1,635** MON., JUNE 28

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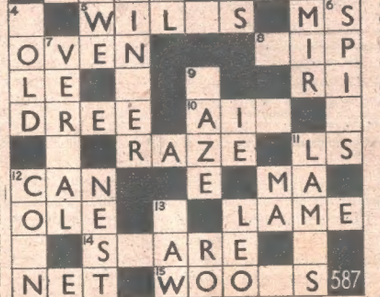
WIN A CHEQUE AND SEASIDE HOLIDAY



In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with *one* extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated July 10.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

587 Closing Postmark, MON., JUNE 28

I enclose P.O. value....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

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THE VENUS OF BAINVILLE:
from previous page

cold. . . . Thank you, Mademoiselle. Please resume your clothes."

After carefully worded statements had been prepared, to break the news of the hoax in as dignified a manner as possible, the meeting dispersed. M. Lachaise was left alone with Annette Latouche.

M. Lachaise was a deflated man. "All the world will laugh at Bainville," he groaned. "And at me, too."

"And Gaston?" demanded Annette. "What will they do to him?"

"Nothing, probably. I know of no law under which he can be punished. After all, he hasn't drawn a centime of profit from his hoax."

Her lower lip trembled. "Then I have exposed him for nothing."

"For nothing," said M. Lachaise bitterly. "He won't take you back?"

"No. I shall have to go to Paris and look for work. Life is not easy for an artist's model these days." Her head was bowed forlornly. M. Lachaise was touched. Then he remembered his inexplicable pangs of jealousy when all the experts had been staring at her as she posed beside the Venus. Could it be that he, Achille Lachaise—at his age—?

"Mademoiselle," he began diffidently. "You have perhaps guessed that my interest in you is not wholly sculptural?"

"You are a man," she shrugged.

"I am an elderly man," he conceded. "But my constitution is good. Nor am I poverty-stricken. I control two prosperous glove factories. I am unmarried, and very lonely. You are young and beautiful, and deserve the good things of life." He paused, embarrassed.

"Marriage is, of course, a practical business," she said softly. "I take it that you are not referring to any other arrangement?"

"Indeed, no," M. Lachaise protested vehemently. "I would only add that I am accustomed to good food. Can you—can you cook?"

"My *vol-au-vent* was once the talk of the Latin Quarter," she said simply.

M. Lachaise's heart seemed about to burst with happiness. For a second his face clouded. "When we are married," he said, "won't you miss the old studio life, the romance of art?"

"I don't like art," she said candidly.

"Between ourselves"—M. Lachaise looked round nervously, to make sure that his sister-in-law's second cousin was not listening, and lowered his voice—"neither do I."

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Starting a Business

A READER who plans to start a small manufacturing business asks three questions:

Before I begin, shall I have to get permission from the local health officer? How do I acquaint myself with the Factory Acts, and what do I do in order to register a trade name?"

If you wish to start a business in a residential area, you should consult the local council. The business may come within the scope of the Interim Planning Order.

The Post Office will give you the address of the local factory inspector. He will inspect your premises and supply you with those abstracts of the Factory Acts that have to be exhibited in your workrooms.

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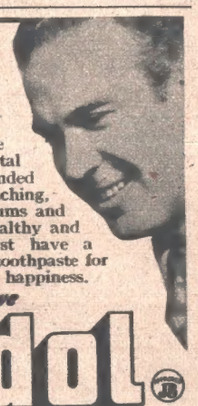

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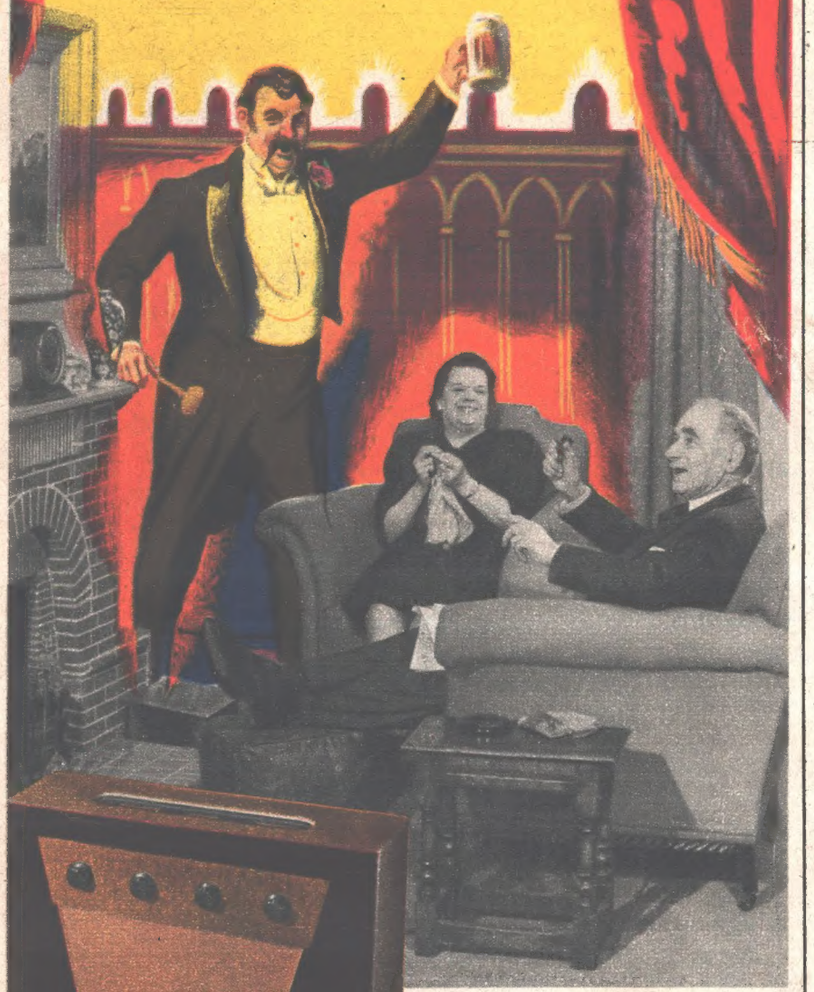

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